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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Friday, August 26, 1977



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ON THE COVER: The major topic of conversation — and the major preoccupation — in Israel this week has been the weather. For those who may not have noticed, temperatures neared a furnace-like 40 degrees in Jerusalem. It was cooler around Tel Aviv, in the low to middle thirties — but the high humidity made life almost unbearable.

There are two kinds of sharay (the Hebrew word also known as the Arabic harmala). The first kind — which the country is now enduring — is caused when a depression approaches Israel from the west; the second, anticyclonic wind, referred to in the Bible as a kudim, is said to make humans and other warm-blooded creatures feel unwell because the normal functioning of the body's cooling processes is impaired.

To restore the body's cooling processes, many Israelis look to the swimming pool, like these Jerusalemites photographed at the King David Hotel by David Rubinger.

Arthur Kemeelman hears some authoritative opinions on organized crime.

Joan Horvath reports on intermarriage in Israel between Jews and members of the minority communities.

Judy Siegel goes to a shabbat fashion show.

Jess Zel Lario, passing through Rome, learns about some of the Jewish emigrants from the U.S.S.R. who are not coming to Israel.

Reporter George Leonoff and photographer David Rubinger look at some of the problems at Ben-Gurion Airport.

Ephraim Kishon recommends a painless method of education.

Mirah Goodman meets an embittered Canadian Zionist who once helped to plan Israel's Burma Road.

The Book Section. Among the reviews: two volumes of poems by Yehuda Amichai translated into English; a study of Israel's political culture; two books on medicine and Malacha; a hatch of omelets by women writers; a best-selling book of Israel; a deflationary biography of Ramsay MacDonald.

The Art Section. Mior Ronson visits the Michael Glin exhibition at the Israel Museum.

Mendel Kobanaky finds a play about Ahelard and Heloise full of little but good intentions.

Helga Dudman praises a kibbutz fashion project.

Martha Melsels pays her first visit to California. Haim Shapiro turns peach stones into oyster.

Dry Bones' weekend cartoon.

IN FIGHTING crime, what is important is not the severity of the punishment meted out, but the certainty of it, says Professor Shlomo Shoham of Tel Aviv University's Criminology Department. And that certainty, if it ever existed, seems to be evaporating. The arrest rate is dropping annually. In Tel Aviv last year, for example, the police were able to solve only 12 per cent of the crimes against property.

Israel's underworld figures, Shoham says, are professional and rational, and they respond to conditions in this country in a rational manner. More specifically, the conditions that have permitted the growth of organized crime are the breakdown of the courts system, the inefficiency of the police, and the large reservoir of "black money" that exists.

TO ILLUSTRATE his point, Prof. Shoham noted that it can take three years and more before a civil debt case is settled by the courts. Handing it over to the execution office lengthens the process further.

As a result of this situation, he says, some law-abiding citizens find it easier — and more profitable — to turn to underworld debt-collectors. Their strong-arm methods are far more successful than the courts'. Either the debtor pays up — or else. A small explosive charge near the door in the middle of the night is one way of telling the debtor what further delays could lead to.

Other examples of the rational response of the underworld to Israeli conditions can be found in newspapers almost every day.

Last week, for example, Customs inspectors seized two suitcases at Haifa port. In them they found several million poundsworth of electrical consumer goods, such as radios and multi-computers. Last week too, several tons of contraband goods were seized at the Israel Aircraft Industries airfield. These goods were not destined for criminal use, but for sale to ordinary, law-abiding citizens.

Customs investigators are still probing the organization which supplied the goods. There is a suspicion that they may have been stolen in their countries of origin and ordered to be shipped here by Israeli agents.

"Stop looking to the American crime model," says Prof. Shoham. "Stop thinking in terms of 'god-fathers' or corrupt relations between the underworld and public figures." What is required, he says, is the reorganization of the police department to meet the challenges of the present and the remedying of the defects in our institutions to which the underworld has responded.

A LEADING Tel Aviv lawyer, who has defended some notorious criminal figures, and who prefers to remain anonymous, claims that in the city, the main centre of criminal activity in the country, there are two big gangs with about 10 people at the top.

According to the lawyer, these gangs control the card clubs in Tel Aviv — about 80 in all — and have penetrated the meat business and its various off-shoots such as restaurants, sidewalk steak-bars, trucking, and in some instances, retail outlets, primarily in the open market.

He holds that the gangs have been able to penetrate the meat business and its outlets because the police feel that, in some instances, it is better to let underworld figures operate in a more or less open fashion so that

they can be kept under observation. He estimates that about half the various food outlets on Rehov Dizengoff are financed by underworld money, and describes the Carmel Market as an underworld jungle.

As for the card clubs — some of them with daily turnovers of IL100,000 — not only do they bring those who control them a 10 per cent commission on the turnover; they also provide means of "whitewashing" black money.

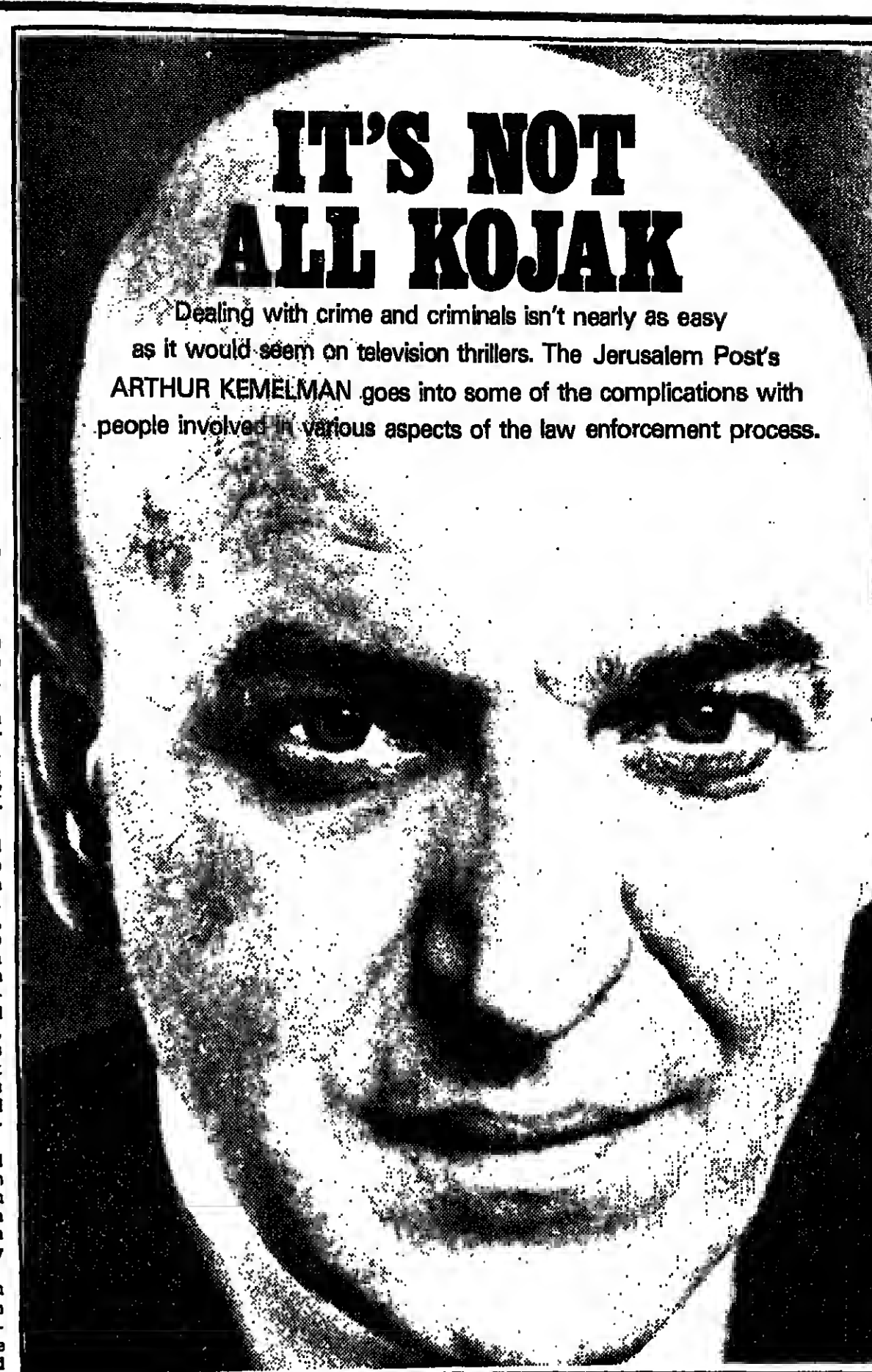
The lawyer explains that the proceeds from gambling are exempt from taxation, and a card-player can claim that he won the money he is holding by gambling.

THE TAX-EXEMPT status of gambling money, this lawyer points out, is one of the main means of whitewashing black money. The process is a fairly simple one.

Israeli currency is converted into dollars or some other foreign currency on the black market. This money is then smuggled out of the country. At a gambling cen-

IT'S NOT ALL KOJAK

Dealing with crime and criminals isn't nearly as easy as it would seem on television thrillers. The Jerusalem Post's ARTHUR KEMEELMAN goes into some of the complications with people involved in various aspects of the law enforcement process.



tinguous. The judge recalled a case of a soldier who refused to testify about a certain matter. When the judge ordered him sent to jail, the soldier changed his mind. He explained to the judge that his friends had advised him not to testify. "Why get involved in complications," they argued.

Mr. Schrattea noted, "Crime is now simply too big for the police to handle as they are currently set up."

He said that he and the police work day and night to prepare a case, but frequently there is frustration as criminals walk away scot free. "They're better organized than we are."

THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL of the police, Haim Tovori, recently asserted that hundreds of individuals who had been charged with a crime were walking about free on bail, waiting for their cases to come before the courts. To finance their legal costs and their living expenses, these individuals commit more crimes.

At a recent press conference, the Tel Aviv police chief, Moshe Tlomkin, declared that the city's crime rate would be much lower if those free on bail were tried more quickly.

The head of the Bar Association, Yitzhak Tunkin, has taken up the cudgels on behalf of the courts. He told *The Jerusalem Post* that Tavori's censure on the bail question, and his criticism that the sentences passed by the courts are too lenient, served only to obscure the issue.

"The problem is not whether the courts are punishing severely enough. The question is whether criminals are being brought to court. The question is whether the police are detecting crime."

Tunkin accused the police of failing in this task. While the sophistication of crime had increased, the development of the police force had lagged behind.

SHMUEL ("SAMI") Nahmias, former national police intelligence chief, who retired recently following disagreements concerning the structure of the police, does not doubt that crime has organized itself and that the force is unable at present to cope with this phenomenon. It is not that the police are incompetent, but that they are made to act as clerks concerning themselves with small things, the day-to-day complaints of the citizenry.

Nahmias sees this function as an important one, but the police must also be organized to fight crime. This means a different approach, a change from passivity — waiting for a complaint to be made — to an active, fighting approach that will seek out crime.

Nahmias has presented the prime minister and others with his ideas about how the challenge should be met through the creation of an elite unit of men to fight crime. "I'm still waiting for an answer."

At present, the crime situation is being studied by the Bochner Committee, set up following allegations that crime was well organized and deeply rooted in Israeli society.

The committee's frame of reference does not include recommending structural changes within the police.

According to the national police spokesman, the force as it is built at present is quite capable of coping with crime. He admits, however, that it does have various problems because of a lack of financial resources, which prevents the acquisition of more manpower and equipment.



obligation: to convert the money legally.

This lawyer says if the police want to succeed against the underworld they must learn how to work, how to plan in advance and not merely react to events. More important, perhaps, is to work

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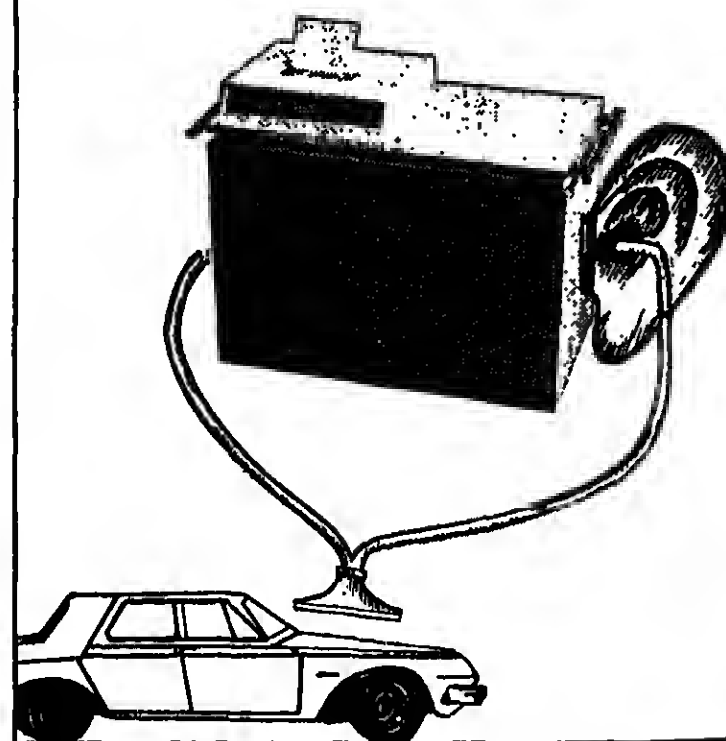
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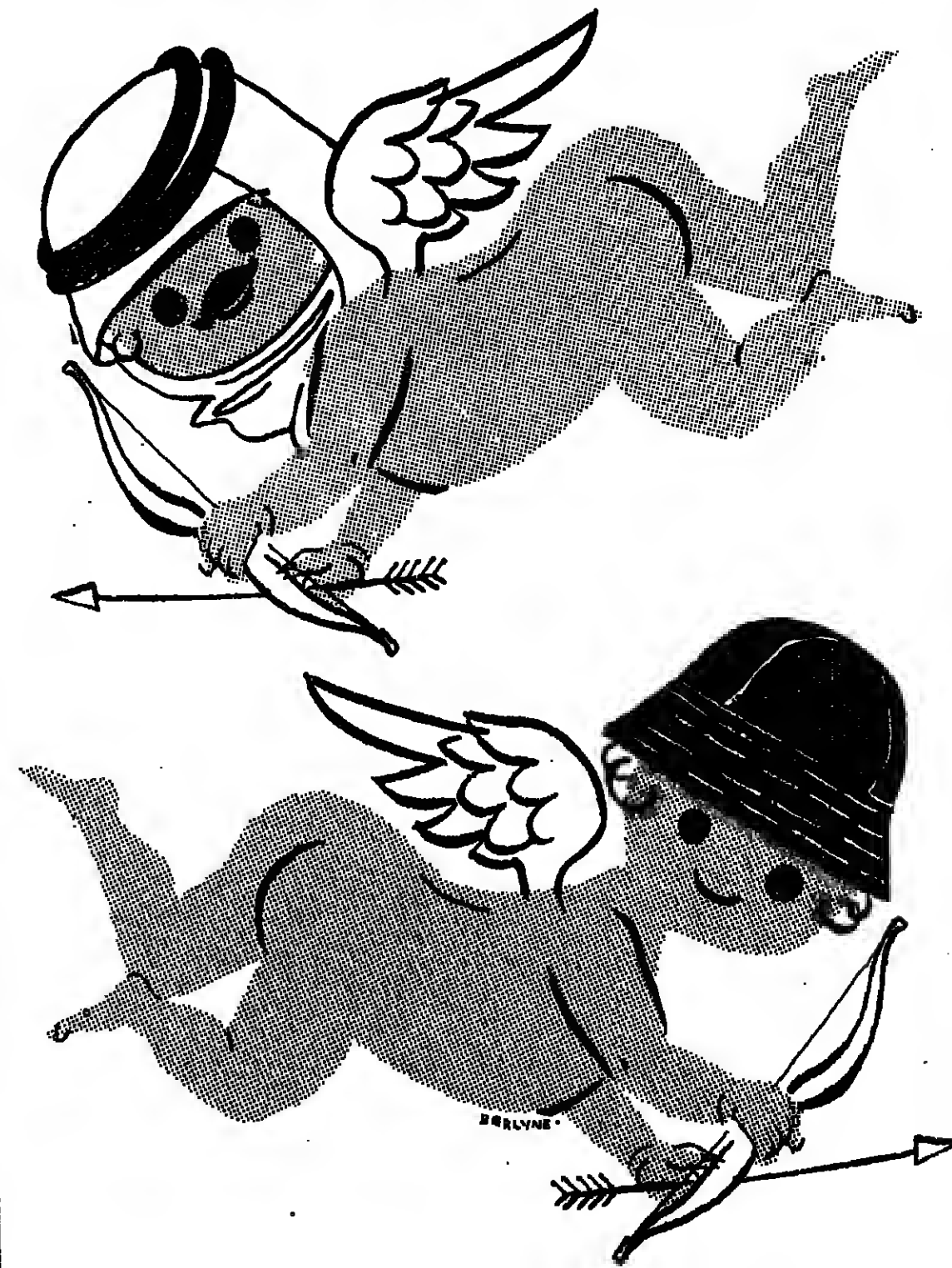
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INTERMARRIAGE ISRAELI-STYLE

There are more than 500 Arab-Jewish couples living in Israel today. In most cases, the wife is Jewish, while the husband belongs to the minority group. In talks with some of them, JOAN BORSTEN found that the couples have found their problems less than overwhelming.



A SMALL village in Western Galilee, only recently linked to the national water grid and still without paved roads and electricity, is home to 2,500 Beduin and Neva, a pretty, blue-eyed blonde Ashkenazi who is married to Yusef, a tracker for the army.

In a rambling old apartment house in Nazareth lives the Jewish widow of a former Arab Knesset member. Her cousin-by-marriage and close friend is a left-wing American activist. Down the block, in the home of her in-laws, Spanish-born Batsheva lives with her husband, Saiah, a construction worker.

There is at least one Jewish girl living in most of Israel's Arab villages; in Baka el Garbiyeh there are 21. In Acre, there are at least a dozen mixed couples; in Jaffa, twice that number. There are small colonies of Druse married to Jewish women in both Ellat and Beersheba. And in Tiberias lives a Circassian soccer star and his once Jewish, now Moslem, wife.

None of the government ministries knows exactly how many Jewish Israelis have married non-Jewish Israelis since the establishment of the State. The most complete statistics available come from Dr. Yosef Ginat, assistant adviser on Arab affairs to the prime minister and a lecturer at Haifa University. Two years ago, for the Institute for Interdisciplinary Research of Jewish Families, he questioned the mayors and community leaders of every minority village and Jewish-Arab city.

Ginat discovered 500 cases: 425 Moslem men (Arabs, Beduin, Circassians) married to Jewish women; seven Moslem or Christian women married to Jewish men; 68 Druse and Christian men married to Jewish women. His research assistant suspects that by the time the study is completed later this year, at least another two dozen cases, mostly Druse and couples living in large cities, will have turned up.

IN ORDER to find out more about mixed marriages in Israel, this writer talked to some 25 couples — all found by word of mouth — and studied a series of interviews recorded by Israel Radio for a recent programme called "Forbidden Loves."

Most of the couples had met informally, at work or around the neighbourhood, though one couple had been introduced by friends, another had met at a Mapam summer camp, two had been active in Rakah, several had attended university together, and several more had served together in the army.

In a good number of cases, the Jewish woman had not known she was dating a non-Jew until after she was emotionally and physically involved.

"One day I met the man of my dreams on the beach," reports one American immigrant. "Only later did it become clear that Danil the Israeli from Haifa was really Hanil the Druse from Daliat el Carmel."

Most of the women were from the Oriental communities (85 per cent, according to Ginat's survey), and were high-school dropouts from broken or unhappy homes. But there were also several new immigrants from the West — all professionals, several Ashkenazi women, (mostly married to Beduin), and several Moslem-born and raised in a kibbutz.

The men, mostly from villages but also from mixed-population centres, ranged in occupation

from construction worker to professor. Many of the Beduin serve in the army, and many of the Druse are either in the security forces or work for the government.

None of the Moslem Arabs considered themselves enemies of the state, though most had voted for Rakah as a protest against their "status as second class citizens."

All the Druse and Beduin supported the Zionist parties. Not one of the non-Jewish women agreed to be interviewed, but Dr. Ginat says they are well educated, as are their husbands. In Haifa, for instance, lives a

Moslem nurse married to a well-known surgeon.

THE DATING period varied considerably. For those from troubled backgrounds, quick marriage was generally the rule.

Take Batsheva of Nazareth. She had immigrated to Israel with her mother and seven brothers and sisters. A step-father, acquired in the development town where the family settled, proved less than sympathetic toward his wife's children, especially Bolshava, who was dark, plain, and plump. Under protest, she was enrolled in a religious board-

ing school, where she met her first boyfriend, Saiah, who was working nearby. Within several months, they had decided to marry; when both sets of parents objected, they eloped to Ellat.

Another woman says: "I had a difficult childhood. There was always a lot of tension in the family. My father insisted on telling me what to do, how to think, making all of my decisions for me. I eloped with my husband, who worked at a nearby restaurant, shortly after we met, because he loved me and cared about me. It simply wasn't important to me that he wasn't Jewish or couldn't

build me a villa."

The more educated and sophisticated couples report that the decision to marry an Israeli of a different religion and national loyalty often takes years.

Israeli-born Rina, a pretty, soft-spoken brunette who now lives in a small Galilee village, met her husband at university.

"Magid and I went out for six years before getting married, because there was so much opposition — except from his mother. Even the professors tried to break us up by sending Magid to another city to do his field work. Mostly, I didn't want to hurt my father, who knew Magid and liked him as a person, but didn't want his daughter to marry a non-Jew. In the end I decided that who you are is more important than whatever may be written in your identity card."

Says Rafi, a Druse who hovered on the brink of marriage for three years:

"My fiancée's parents, who aren't religious, accepted me without much of a fuss. After all, I was educated and an army officer whose loyalty to Israel couldn't be questioned. But it is a terrible thing for a Druse to marry out of the religion. I knew I would be ostracized by all but a few close friends, cut off completely by my parents, and that if things didn't work out, I would never be allowed to return to the village and marry a Druse."

"On the other hand, I'd already seen something of the world, and couldn't imagine going back to that narrow, conservative way of life and on arranged marriage with a girl who may be finished the eighth grade."

The Druse are certainly less tolerant of intermarriage than Christians and Moslems — which may account for the large number of young Druse men who get cold feet just before the wedding and end up returning to their villages.

WITH THE EXCEPTION of Rina, whose father has refused to accept her marriage, all of the Jewish women interviewed indicated that if not immediately, then after children were born, their parents began visiting them in their homes or at least invited them to come for weekends and holidays.

Batsheva of Nazareth says she has never told her parents she is married, and a mother.

"Even if Saiah converted, they wouldn't accept him because he is an Arab. And I know that the minute they discover what I've done, they'll cut me off. So I still go home for Shabbat and for the holidays. It's uncomfortable, though, because they still try to fix me up with the local bachelors."

Because there is no civil marriage in Israel, many of the Jewish women marrying Moslems (50 per cent according to Ginat) convert to Islam, a fairly uncomplicated procedure.

"First a rabbi tried to discourage me," remembers Batsheva. "Then I had to say to the khat (Moslem judge with authority in matters of religion) 'I accept Allah as the Prophet of God,' or something like that. A few months later I got the official letter from Jerusalem."

None of the women converted out of religious conviction. For most, it was simply a way to marry legally without having to leave Israel. One hoped it would lead to greater acceptance by the Arab community; others did it for the sake of their children. Many of those converted said they were

(Continued overleaf)



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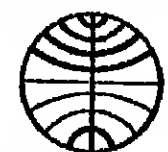
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DATA AREA 10

(Continued from page 1)

literally "forced" to do so by the Religious Affairs Ministry.

"Modern law permits a *Beulah* to marry a Muslim or a Moslem Jew, or Christian," explains the daughter of a traditional Jewish family. "But in Israel, the Religious Affairs Ministry took this right away from them. I think they figured that having to convert would discourage someone like me from getting married to a non-Jew. It didn't, of course, but it does mean that if I ever want to divorce, I have no chance of keeping my children."

Several women reported that when they applied to convert, although they were over the age of 18, the Ministry notified their parents. None of the Druse or Beduin who converted to Judaism (about 50 per cent of those discovered by Ginat) think that their parents were advised. In fact, one Druse claims that to this day his parents don't know he has converted.

ACCORDING TO Ginat, some 5-10 per cent of all mixed couples opt for civil marriage. The most popular place for this is Cyprus, where an Israeli emigrant will make all the arrangements. There is also the Mexican marriage by proxy for those who don't want to leave Israel. For approximately \$900 (payable in Israeli pounds) Tel Aviv lawyer Yosef Ben-Mennshe can produce a Mexican wedding certificate which is recognized by the Interior Ministry.

Most couples who chose to maintain their separate religions, however, settled for common law marriage.

"Our lawyer drew up a contract and that was that," explains Nava. "The Interior Ministry doesn't recognize us, but the army, the National Insurance, and the Kupa Holim does."

Only one couple interviewed, who married in Cyprus, had considered divorce. "A lawyer told us that he would apply to the Rabbinical and the Druse courts, and when both refused to recognize the marriage, he would dissolve the union through this civil courts."

Others said that they knew of mixed couples who had obtained divorces and that child custody was always a problem, because national loyalty also came into question.

Except for Druse-Jewish couples, and the marriages between Arab women and Jewish men, most mixed couples (75 per cent according to Ginat) settle in an Arab village or in the Arab neighbourhoods of mixed-population centres, close to their in-laws. Reasons range from "My husband is an Arab and wants to live among his own kind," to "We could live better materially in the village," to "We agreed to raise the children as Arabs."

"We tried living in a Jewish neighbourhood in Jerusalem," recalls Rina, "but when our first son was born and we gave him an Arab name, the neighbours were shocked. We realized then that we had been naive to think that we could raise children as 'good Arabs' or Jews, but as 'good people,' so we moved to the village."

"I wanted to live on the Carmel in Hnifa," says another, "but settled among Arabs in the lower city when I realized that where Jews might accept the children of two Moslems, they could be very intolerant towards the children of a mixed marriage, especially if

they were not being raised as Jews."

Children of mixed marriages are well accepted by Israeli Arab society and become "more Arab than Arab." But except for Batsheva and one North African-born Arab resident who says "Now that I have converted, I'm an Arab and have forgotten my past culture," most of the mixed couples speak Hebrew to their children and describe the culture of their homes as "more Jewish than Arab."

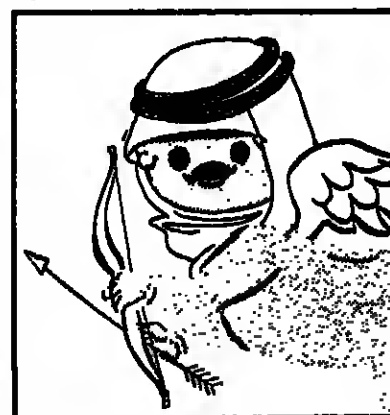
Most mixed couples also have smaller families than their neighbours.

FEW OF THE Jewish women, however, all of whom learned to speak Arabic, liked living among Arabs.

"You have to follow their customs," complains one. "In the evening, all the men get together in the coffee houses and discuss what is going on in the world, while the women sit at home alone. I have virtually no friends here, no woman I can talk to about books or movies. Mostly I just watch TV."

"Although I converted," says another, "they still call me 'the Jew.'"

Says Batsheva: "I have to behave just like Saleh's sisters. I can't get a job, I can't go to the movies, I can't be friends with anyone who isn't a member of the family. And I have to live in my mother-in-law's home. I want to be able to decorate and fix things up according to my own taste."



One couple, who could find no Arab couple to socialize with ("the men always left their wives at home and came to visit alone"), wrote a letter to the editor of a Hebrew paper requesting friends. They got many replies.

"I didn't want to live in the village," says Rina, "and it took a lot of getting used to. But I'm making the best of it. I'm a registered nurse, so I give shots sometimes. I studied sewing for a while, so I advise Magid's sisters about clothes. And about school. Maybe next year I'll open a kindergarten."

Only blue-jeaned Nava, wife of Yusef the tracker, says she likes living in the village, although she knows no one there other than her in-laws and spends her time cleaning house and reading magazines.

She has adopted very few Beduin customs (villagers still lament that she receives visitors like an Ashkenazi), but consults with her pipe-smoking, bearded husband before making major decisions.

Another Ashkenazi married to a Beduin says that she gets along well with her in-laws as long as they don't try to impose their customs on her.

"My husband hit me once, and I hit him back. That was the end of that. He will also help me in the kitchen occasionally, but only after drawing the shutters."

EXCEPT FOR those who are

married to Beduin who serve in the army, or who are Rakah ideologues, these are difficult years for a Jew to be the wife of an Arab and raising her children as Arab.

We don't talk politics in this house," says a Triangle resident. "If we did, we'll probably end up with a divorce."

"I've been married for 11 years," says another. "Before the Six Day War, there were no political arguments, but since then, like other Israeli Arabs, my husband has become increasingly extremist in his views, though he'd never join Fatah. That makes things uncomfortable, because although I don't always agree with the Jews, I'm still a Zionist. I called the police when kids from this village stood on my roof during Land Day and threw rocks onto the cars of passersby."

As might be expected, Ginat's research discovered that the number of mixed marriages reported annually decreases after a war. Thus, in 1984 there were 28 marriages between Jews and non-Jews, but in 1988 only three. Similarly, in 1973 there were 15 mixed marriages, and in 1974 only nine.

For those who converted to Islam, IDF service for their sons does not come into question. For those who remained Jews, it is a problem.

"My son will have to do what he feels is right when he becomes 18," says one mother. "I want him to go to the army, his father objects."

One Halfa family, who raised their children to be neither Jews nor Arabs, report that while the older son opted out of the army, the younger one decided to be drafted.

JEWISH SOCIETY is much more acceptant of the Druse-Jewish mixed marriages than of others. For one thing, the Druse serve in the IDF (some of the Druse were actually born in Syria and crossed into Israel in 1945 to fight with the Jews). The families tend to live among Ashkenazis ("Oriental Jews are very intolerant") and most bring their children up as Jewish, even in cases where the father has not converted. Of those Druse who have converted, most did so before meeting their wives, and most are traditional.

"But I make sure my children are proud of their Druse heritage and know how much we have done for the State," says a former Galilee resident.

Druse-Jewish children, like their counterparts living in Arab villages, try to assimilate with the majority and usually end up "more Jewish than the Jews." The son of one family is hoping to become an IDF pilot, the daughter of another is the leader of her local youth group. Not all the girls, however, have gone into the army.

Despite the problems involved in mixed marriages, the couples interviewed indicated that if they could turn back the clock, they would go through with their marriages again. But several women indicated they would try to live in the city instead of in the village, and one said she would not again convert to Islam.

"All the articles that have appeared in Israeli women's magazines are unfair," says Batya. "They make us all out to be prostitutes, mentally retarded, or social rejects."

Adds Rina: "I never read about a happy mixed couple. That's not right, though we may have unusual problems. Only God knows what a wonderful husband I have." □



Single Kleit (above), wearing a wig called "Rendevous" she herself designed, combs out another style in her sheitl line. (Left) All the women in the living room are wearing wigs. (Right) The audience, used to Israeli-made sheitls, are fascinated by Georgie's "natural look."



MODESTY A LA MODE

Orthodox women are losing their heads over a new line of wigs from the U.S., reports JUDY SIEGEL.

THE MODELS ran combs through their hair, took a final look in the mirror and dashed down the corridor of a Jerusalem girls' school, from the makeshift dressing room to the stage.

"Ah...," sighed the spectators as they watched the fashion show. Their eyes were not on the clothes, however, but on the nameless models' heads.

Paying a \$120 admission fee, with the proceeds going to marry off a poor bride, the audience — modestly dressed in long-sleeved dresses and stockings despite the summer heat — had come to see the latest line of Georgie Klein sheitls.

A sheitl, for those who don't know, is a wig worn by an Orthodox Jewish woman after she divorces. A woman's hair, according to Halacha, is her crowning glory, a kind of nakedness that must be covered in the presence of any man who is not her husband. All religious authorities agree that women's hair should be covered, they differ on what should cover it: in biblical times,

scarves or veils enveloped women's heads and signified modesty and chastity, and their removal was considered a humiliation or punishment.

According to Jewish law, if a woman walked bare-headed in the streets her husband could divorce her without repaying her dowry. By the 18th century, Jewish women became more fashion-conscious and began to wear sheitls so they could look like their non-Jewish "sisters," a development that angered many rabbis and provoked Moshe Sofer (the Hatam Sofer) to battle against the practice.

If a wife's hair is meant only for the appreciation of her husband, and if a sheitl often looks better than one's own tresses, why, some argue, should women be allowed to wear wigs?

Sephardi Chief Rabbi Ovadia Yosef agrees with this logic. Married women, he told *The Jerusalem Post*, should wear hats or kerchiefs that cover their hair. However, if a woman insists on going bareheaded if she is not

allowed to don a wig, she is allowed (but not encouraged) to wear a sheitl. Rabbani Yosef obviously concurs with this ruling, because she wears a hat or a kerchief.

Ashkenazi Chief Rabbi Shlomo Goren could not be reached for comment on this problem, but his wife wears a sheitl.

IN THE 11th century, Rabbi Yitzhak Alfasi ruled that a woman is permitted to make a wig of her own hair and wear it. Only if it is growing from her head is it considered immodest.

The sheitl has its staunch advocates, among them 28-year-old Mrs. Georgie Klein, a religious, Hungarian-born mother of three who lives in the Orthodox Boro Park section of Brooklyn.

In a few short years she has become one of the world's leading designers and sellers of wigs for religious women.

Georgie (also known as Judith) is a walking advertisement for her sheitls. When you look at her long auburn tresses, braided softly

behind one ear, you wonder: "Does she or doesn't she?" In fact, the hair is a Georgie-designed wig called "Rendevous," available in 25 colours in New York, where prices range from \$55 to \$100 and 12 in Israel (where they cost from IL350 to IL450).

The pretty wife of an electrician dresses very fashionably. The day we met she had red-painted finger-and-toenails, and wore high sandals, a jeans skirt and top with sleeves to the elbow, and a gold-embossed purse on a string around her neck.

"I was chubby and unattractive as a youngster, so now I care about fashion," she says shyly. Her interest in hair grew from the age of 14 when, uncomfortable as a new immigrant among the olive-skinned girls in a Beis Ya'acov school in Brooklyn, she drew sketches of her classmates' hair.

LEAVING SCHOOL soon after because of family difficulties,

Georgie earned money by styling the sheitls of her neighbours on the end of a broom. She started taking a professional hair-dressers' course, but couldn't afford to complete it and win her licence. Since no permit was required to work with artificial hair, she started a business — selling and servicing sheitls in the Williamsburgh section of Brooklyn.

When she married and started wearing a wig of her own, Georgie felt the urge to create new designs for sheitls. They had to be natural-looking, light and delicate. She knows of no religious reason why women should not wear sheitls that look better than their own hair.

"It must be awful for religious women to have to go about without an attractive hairdo," she asserts. Georgie caters only to Jewish (and preferably religious) women at her Brooklyn shop. "I want them to look nice for their husbands."

When she came to Israel for a few weeks to give lessons in wig-making and hairdressing, Georgie learned that some people in Jerusalem's Mea Shearim had pasted up handbills denouncing her as immodest. Attacks by fellow religious Jews disturb her. "If I cared about fashion only, and not about modesty, I would open a hair salon and fix women's coiffures."

She goes to France every year, to see the latest designs and adapt them for Jewish women according to her fancy. Georgie also makes frequent trips to the Orient, where she works with the artists who create the wigs for her line, partly by hand. When she's home, she sells at her shop and conducts hairdressing seminars at night. Her husband, Baruch, has installed an automatic timer in the shop that turns off all the lights at 6 p.m. "He's not so happy that I go to work."

GEORGIE strongly disapproves of the kinds of sheitls one sees in the religious quarters of Jerusalem and Bnei Brak. "They are all teased up like balloons and very unnatural. Most of the women wear the same hairstyle in the same colour."

Her own designs are indeed natural-looking, with the locks lying close to the head and with a natural-looking parting made of skin-coloured terylene attached to the crown. The styles range from "Tango" — sleek and shoulder-length — to "Aries" — short, light and fluffy — and "Farrah" — inspired by the layered hair of one of "Charlie's Angels" on TV.

Very few women buy wigs made of real hair anymore; a good one costs \$450 or so. Georgie's sheitls are all made in modacrylic synthetic fibre that can be washed in a nylon stocking dropped into the washing machine. They hold their shape and their hairs for about two years. Each one can be blown dry, sprayed and out to change the style.

As women grow older and grayer, they generally shy away from buying sheitls to suit their age, says Georgie. A middle-aged woman should have a grey-haired wig or at least ones streaked with grey. Most important, the colour should suit the woman's complexion and eyebrows.

Now that "Georgie wigs" have begun to sell in Israel, Georgie dreams of opening a school here to teach the profession of wig-making.

"I would like Jerusalem someday to be the wig capital of the world," she concludes. Out of Zion shall go forth the sheitl. □

הגדלה של האוכלוסיה

PAN-AM FLIGHT 111 leaves Rome's Leonardo da Vinci Airport at 1 p.m. daily and arrives at New York's Kennedy at 4 p.m. local time. About 800 Soviet Jews are transported to the United States every month on this large and comfortable 747.

On a recent flight, my wife and I accompanied 98 of them on the last lap of their long journey from Russia to the golden medina. My parents made the same trip travelling steerage for two weeks, and paid for their tickets with rubles saved up kopeck by kopeck. This group received their flight tickets from HIAS (Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society), which is supported by the UJA and the U.S. Government.

Their journey, however, was by no means easy. It had begun many months ago with the receipt of an affidavit from Israel "to join their relatives" in the Jewish homeland. Then came the application for a Soviet exit visa, and the payment of a head tax or ransom of about \$1,000 for each member of the family.

For most of them, the Soviet formalities took two to three months. The wait in Rome averaged three to six months. If a Soviet Jew's application for an exit visa is rejected, he joins the ranks of the refusedniks, who spend years waiting in limbo for permission to emigrate.

When refusedniks finally got permission to leave the Soviet Union, they usually go to Israel and not to Rome. Whether or not they were Zionists when they made their first application, during their years of travail they become Jewish activists, study Hebrew and Jewish history, and begin to understand the relationship between the survival of the Jewish people and the existence of Israel.

WE DID MEET one ex-refusednik in Rome. A Jewish Agency communal worker told me his story.

Sergel had been an activist in Leningrad and wanted to go to Israel. But, said the Jewish Agency shalich, Sergel had a Christian wife, a Christian mother-in-law, and two children, who, according to Halacha, were not Jewish. His woman-folk had refused to go to Israel.

When we met Sergel, he did not want to talk about himself but about his friend Ilya Levin of Leningrad, who had sat on a poisoned chair in the KGB office and had spent a month in hospital with wracking pains in his legs. Another friend had smuggled out the trousers that Ilya had been wearing and brought them to Rome. Could we arrange for a chemical analysis and publicize the findings?

We said we could. We were staying at the Hotel Mediterraneo, one of the five hotels in Rome belonging to the Bettaja family, whose matriarch, Sophie Maslow Bettaja, is the chief fund-raiser for Youth Aliya in Italy. We were sure that one of the family would know where to get the pants analyzed.

Sergel arrived the next morning as arranged, but without the pants. His friend had given them to a representative of Amnesty International, who was taking them to London.

He was brimming over with good news from both Russia and the U.S. He had called Leningrad and learned that Ilya Levin had received permission to leave. Sergel himself had been awaiting out a request to HIAS to help him get to a small town in California where he had hopes of a job and assurances of a welcome by the tiny Jewish community.

SERGEL TOLD US that 98 per

PAGE TEN

FREEDOM BUT NO CHOICE



(Israel Sun)

About 50 per cent of the Jews who get out of the Soviet Union each month come to this country; of the other 50 per cent, many go to Rome before deciding finally where they wish to settle. JESSE ZEL LURIE learned recently why some of these do not at least look at Israel before making up their minds.

cent of the Soviet Jews arriving in Vienna knew exactly where they wanted to go and why. Although all of them had left the Soviet Union with Israeli visas, about half were heading for Western countries, mostly to the U.S., a few to Canada and Australia. The Soviet authorities knew where they were going and in many cases facilitated the shipment of their baggage to the final destination in the West.

"So why don't they and you apply for an American visa in Moscow?" we asked.

"It's very difficult. It's almost impossible for a Soviet citizen to approach the American Embassy. The Soviet system for leaving is Israeli visas. Anyone they want to get rid of, Jew or non-Jew, they give an Israeli visa. If you want to get out, you go by their system and ask for an Israeli visa."

"But they know where you're going."

"Of course. They know everything. Do you think it's a coincidence that just about 1,500 Soviet Jews get out every month and just about half go to Israel? There are no coincidences in the Soviet Union. Everything is regulated."

"Are the Soviets trying to embarrass Israel or curry favour with their Arab friends?"

"Not only that. Without the pressure from the American senators, the Soviets would cut down the number of Jews they let go. They think that by increasing the number of Jews who go to the U.S. they can embarrass the senators."

"You say that the Soviets know where everyone is going. There are exceptions. Do you know Alex L.?" We met him yesterday in the Chief Rabbi's office.

"You mean Sasha, the young man who's leaving for Canada tomorrow. We gave him a party last night." For the first time, Sergel laughed. "Yes, Sasha will mess up the Soviet statistics. One of his girl friends was going to Israel with her parents. He made a marriage of convenience with the girl and the family agreed to take him along. The girl and her parents went to Israel and he came here. I'm not sure he's Jewish."

"Ah, yes he is. At least he convinced the Chief Rabbi's clerk that he is."

IN THE CHIEF RABBI'S anteroom, we had asked Sasha why he had chosen Canada over Israel. "I'm too young to go to Israel," he replied. "I will serve 80 months in the army. After I'm 29, maybe I'll go."

We repeated this conversation to Sergel. We asked whether all Russian Jews were as well informed about Israeli conscription regulations and the cut-off age of 29 between regular army service and reserve duty.

"Of course," Sergel replied. "The Jewish underground information service in the Soviet Union is very efficient. Nothing happens in Israel that we don't know about. And the army is a very important consideration in deciding whether to go to Israel or not."

Sergel said this with a sardonic

smile. He looked troubled. We wondered if he felt guilty about not going to Israel and helping to defend the Jewish homeland.

"How old are you?" we asked.

"I'm 29 and I have two children."

Finally, he came out with what was bothering him.

"Look, I'm going to the U.S. so what right do I have to criticize? I said before that 98 per cent of the Russian Jews who reached Vienna knew where they wanted to go. What about the 2 per cent who are wavering? If the Jewish Agency handled them differently in Vienna, many of them might go to Israel. As it is, all of them come here to Rome."

Sergel described the arrival in Vienna. They are met by Agency officials who ask if they are going to Israel. Those who say yes are immediately segregated.

"Do they think we will contaminate them?" he asked. "We have come out of the barren wasteland of the Soviet Union where many Jews are not even circumcised. For the first time in our lives, we meet an Israeli Jew."

Why can't we stay together for at least 24 hours? Why can't they give us a little Yiddishkeit, show us an Israeli movie, then ask whether we are going to Israel? Some of that 2 per cent might change their minds, and all of us would be better Jews."

It must be remembered that Sergel was unusual among the Soviet Jews in Rome. He was a Jewish activist, whose heart was in Israel, but who had opted for the U.S. under the pressure of his wife and mother-in-law. Most of

the others in Rome did not miss the Yiddishkeit or Israeli movie which the Agency failed to provide in Vienna.

"They say we are free to apply wherever we want. But are we really?" Sergel went on. "I know a family of five or six here in Rome who have a daughter in Israel. She is trying to persuade them to change their minds and go to Israel."

"The family decided to send one son to Israel as a tourist — they have the \$150 for his student return flight — and if he brought back a favourable report, they'd go on allay. But HIAS told him he couldn't go and come back. The Agency backed up HIAS."

"There are many families in Rome with close relatives in Israel whom they would like to visit before going 6,000 miles across the Atlantic. Why can't they go as tourists at their own expense? Why is there only one way a Russian Jew can go to Israel as an olah?"

"Because," we replied, "once you set foot in Israel you are no longer a refugee in the eyes of the American Government and HIAS can no longer help you."

I TOOK Sergel's complaints and suggestions to Ivor Svare, director of HIAS in Rome.

The segregation in Vienna, he explained, was a matter of bureaucratic necessity.

"The Jewish Agency has given an undertaking to the Austrian authorities to get the Russian Jews off to Israel within 24 to 48 hours. In order to register them rapidly, they have to keep them separate."

We didn't argue with Mr. Svare, as he was not an Agency official. If this was the real reason, there were other ways of handling the necessary paperwork.

As for the inability of the Russian Jews in Rome to visit relatives in Israel and return to Rome and thus exercise a real free choice of where they want to spend the rest of their lives, Mr. Svare said that I was wrong in thinking that American regulations were the stumbling block.

"It's the Italian Government that makes it impossible, not the American," he said. "The Russian Jews come to Rome under a 1947 regulation for the transit of displaced persons and other war refugees. This 30-year-old regulation is being stretched to accommodate the Russians. They cannot leave Italy and return because they have no travel papers."

"How do they leave Italy for the U.S. and other countries?"

"On emigration papers issued by the Italian Government."

"Has anyone ever asked the Italians to issue travel papers on which they could go and come back?"

"No, and I don't think we should. The Italians are doing enough for us. As you know, the political situation here is rather delicate."

The Italian Government today is a minority government of Christian Democrats, who rule with the tacit support of the Communists. If Mr. Svare is afraid of Communist opposition to giving refuge to Soviet Jews, he forgets that the Italian Communists coined the concept of Eurocommunism and are doing all they can to separate themselves from Soviet ideology.

He might be surprised at the response if the Italian authorities were asked to stretch themselves a little further by giving the Soviet Jews in Rome a chance to make a really free choice about their future, based on first-hand knowledge of Israel. □

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1977

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE ELEVEN

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COPING AT THE AIRPORT

This year's tourist boom has put unprecedented pressure on the facilities at the country's only international airport. GEORGE LEONOF talks about the problems to airport and airline officials. DAVID RUBINGER took the photographs.

BEN-GURION AIRPORT was not designed to cope with a traffic boom of the dimensions it confronted this summer. The Airport Authority concedes that the terminal is physically incapable of processing, with any degree of adequacy, the 18,000 passengers that descended on it one sweltering day last month.

The terminal simply has neither floorpace to accommodate, nor the facilities needed, to clear such a horde, says Nitzan Tamari, the Authority's spokesman.

El Al and foreign airline companies, all of which were caught unprepared by the tourist explosion, readily concede the capacity crisis. Some of them suggest that the vexatious crush and exasperating delays could be alleviated, even under present conditions, but all agree that the totally unexpected upsurge of international tourism has caught terminals throughout the world off balance.

Arnold Sherman, the El Al spokesman, points out that in July the national airline reached a point where it was handling fully 60 per cent of all traffic through the airport. In that month, its fleet of 13 planes flew 847 flights in and out of Ben-Gurion, compared to last year's 783 in the corresponding month. The total number of passengers carried was 147,000, compared with 120,000 in July, 1976.

He admitted to numerous delays in departure time, though proportionately there were less than in the previous year due to technical reasons. "I will not say that El Al is not partly responsible for this, even at our home base we have final say only in the technical side of organization."

FOR INSTANCE, the protracted strike of control tower personnel at Montreal's international airport had a disastrous, snowball effect on many airlines touching down at the Canadian city on their trans-Atlantic flights. Also, the worldwide travel boom affected all airports at which El Al planes called.

The national airline has tried to handle the vastly increased demand as best it could, putting on 20 extra flights a week — "not per day, unfortunately, as the Airport Authority has claimed," he added wryly. "After all, our major concern is to bring in more tourists."

Ben-Gurion Airport, not built to handle a greatly increased volume for any sustained period, has limited flexibility. During the most crowded period there were not enough porters and other personnel, ground equipment was short — and with takeoff delays piling up the number of outgoing passengers, no space in waiting rooms. El Al attempted to accommodate part of the crowd in hotels, but most of the hostilities were booked solid.

Obviously, Sherman said, the terminal cannot be expanded at the wot of a magic wand. "It is up to the Airport Authority and all airlines to get together to find some interim solution. Maybe an adjustment of schedules is the immediate answer. None of us is interested in the considerable inconvenience caused passengers,



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POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

DUDU ZAKAI — Sings old and new songs with his group. (Tzaviv, 38 King George, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

EVENING OF JAZZ — With well known Israeli musicians (Pargod Pochri Theatre, M Bezalel, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

FAITHFUL CITY — Multi-media entertainment on the theme of "Jerusalem." (Pargod Pochri Theatre, 34 Bezalel, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

HAGANAH HANOVER — In a new programme of political satire. (Beit Ha'em, 11 Bezalel, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.; Thursday at 7.30 and 9.45 p.m.)

HASIDIC POP — With the Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Tzaviv, 38 King George, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

ISRAEL FOLKLORE — With the libai dancers. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

"TUTONET PASSIM" QUARTET — Evening of Jazz. (Tzaviv, 38 King George, tonight at 8 p.m.)

MATT CASPI — Composer/singer in a new show with his personal quartet. (Lerner Museum, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

ISRAELI AND YORAM — Israeli songsters. (King David, terrace, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

A THORN IN THE HEART — With singer Hassen Yoval. (Tzaviv, 38 King George, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

YOUR PEOPLE ARE MINE — Top musical based on the Book of Ruth. In English. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Monday at 8 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

BECKY FREISTADT — In a new show of humorous musical sketches. "Smile My

Beloved Country." In English (ZOA House, 1 Daniel Fritsch, Saturday at 6 p.m.)

ILAVA ALBERSTEIN — Sings songs and plays her guitar. (Tzaviv, 38 King George, tonight at midnight; Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

A MAN WITHIN HIMSELF — Songs by the talk and rock composer/singer Shalom Hanech and his group. (Tzaviv, 38 King George, Saturday at 8.15 and 10.45 p.m.)

OPEN STAGE — This week: songs with Efratim and Esther Shavit. (Tzaviv, 38 King George, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

SONGS OF DAVID ZAHAVI — (Tzaviv, 38 King George, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

YONATAN OFEN — A new programme Salon Conversations. (Tzaviv, 38 King George, tonight at 8 a.m. midnight; Monday at 8 p.m.)

Haifa

CARMEL NIGHTS — Open air show with singer Talpi Shavit and entertainer Mani Pe'er. (Omer Ha'em, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

CHOCOLATE, MENTHE, MARTINI — In "The First Night." (Haifa Auditorium, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

HAGANAH HANOVER — The comedy trio in a musical programme of political satire. (Haifa Auditorium, Saturday and Sunday at 8 p.m.)

YEHORAM GAON — In a new one-man show. (Haifa Auditorium, tonight at 8 p.m.)

Other Towns

CAPITAL LETTERS — Programme of music by Ilana Shehnut and poetry read by Yehuda Koren, poems by Leon Goldberg, Nissim Alterman, Yehuda Amichai and others. (Tel Aviv, tonight; Netanya, Tuesday)

YONNI NANAT — One-man show of songs and skits. (Tel Aviv, tonight at 9.30; Herzliya, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

CARTOON PARADE — (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m. Part 1; Thursday at 8.30 p.m. Part 11.)

THE KEYHOLE AND THE STORY OF COLOURS — Music and clowning with the Rav Players. (Beit Levanon, 94 Weizman, Sunday at 4 p.m. and Monday at 11 a.m.)

THE MAGIC OF WALT DISNEY WORLD — Story round Disneyland with visits to the

Magic Kingdom with Cinderella's Castle, to the World of Tomorrow and to dozens of other spots accompanied by music and singing. (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Monday at 11 a.m., and 3.30 p.m.)

TIUMBOLINA — Talpi Shavit sings the songs of Danny Kaya. (Tel Aviv, Beit Ha'em, Weizman and Pichus, Monday at 4.30 p.m., Tel Aviv, Tuesday at 4.30 p.m.)

THEATRE

All performances are in Hebrew unless otherwise indicated.

Jerusalem

THE MEMORANTS — A bitter searing story of a woman from a communist country, a peasant who led to make money and an intellectual who escaped to write a book on the subject. (Jerusalem, Khan, opposite Railway Station, Saturday at 8 p.m.)

THE MURDER OF PIERROT — By the Dideron Shomer and reads excerpts from three stories by Shalom Shalom. (Tzaviv, 38 King George, Monday at 8 p.m.)

SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS — Comedy play by Goldoni. Produced by the Khan Theatre. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

UMAGATIA — Performed by the Nativ Theatre Company of South Africa. The story of "Macbeth" told in terms of the Zulu people. The show is loud and full of mellow and savage power which makes for a worthwhile experience. (Binyoni Ha'em, Sunday)

Tel Aviv

SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS — (Beit Ha'em, Weizman and Pichus, Saturday at 8 p.m.)

THE MURDER OF PIERROT — By the Beersheva Theatre (Nahmani Hall, 17 Nahmani, Thursday)

Haifa

THE WISE MAN AND THE BRIDE — Musical play. (Shavit Theatre, 8 Haport, tonight at 8.30)



Giora Feldman plays Jewish Soul Music on his clarinet on Sunday night of the Jerusalem Khan.

OPERA

THE ISRAEL NATIONAL OPERA — Producer: Edla de Philippe, Conductor: Alexander Tzaviv, Arich Levanan, Thomas Crago Fuller.

THE MERRY WIDOW — Opera by Lehár with Esther Shavit, Miriam Laron, Wilma Reed, Mordchai Ben-Shachar. (Haifa Auditorium, Monday at 8.30 p.m.; Jerusalem, Binyoni Ha'em, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

FILMS IN BRIEF

AMOR MEO — Created and partly filmed by the late Pietro Germi; the romping escapades of a group of middle-aged men whose friendship is sustained by a love for absurd pranks. An assortment of shenanigans which vary from good farce to empty motion. Depressing to take the film seriously.

ANNIE HALL — Woody Allen's latest and most personal film about the relationship between an ill-matched couple. Touching, humorous and totally convincing with the usual touch of terrific verbal and visual gags. Stars Woody Allen as comedian Alvy Singer and Diana Keaton as Annie Hall.

BLUFF — A rollicking tale of two Italian confidence tricksters, set in the 1880s. Adriane Celentano ("Yuppi du") gyrates his way through some ingenious trickery and Anthony Quinn looks out of place in this lightweight, nonsensical comedy. Capulone is the owner of a gambling den. Well dubbed in English.

THE CANTERBURY TALES — Eight of the best-loved of Geoffrey Chaucer's twenty-four tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. English dialogue.

THE DOMINO PRINCIPLE — Unconventional, unexciting assassination thriller. With Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen and director Stanley Kramer, all the ingredients are there, but it never gets off the ground.

THE EAGLE HAS LANDED — Based on a television play by Jack Higgins about a German commando operation to kidnap Churchill in a raid in which the Germans are disguised as Polish troops stationed in North Africa.

FANTASIA — Brilliant, delightful drama. The Walt Disney classic. Recommended for the whole family.

FUN WITH DICK AND JANE — A young, out of work, middle-class couple takes to bank robbing in order to make ends meet. Stars George Segal and Jane Fonda.

FUNNY PEOPLE — South African filmmaker Jamie Uys traps people in practical joke situations, with hidden camera technique. Hilariously ridiculous reactions of passers-by turn to genuine laughter when the truth about the under-educated blacks is exposed.

GONE WITH THE WIND — Re-issue of that all time box-office-best-seller about the American civil war.

HARRY AND WALTER GO TO NEW YORK — Lovable comedy of the 1980s in which Michael Caine plays a cool and outwitted millionaire safe-breaker. James Caan and Elliott Gould jolly along as a couple of vaudevilian pick-pockets, determined to reach the big bank safe before him. Some memorable laughs in an exclusive New York private club.

THE INCREDIBLE SARAH — Free portrayal of the early life of famous French actress Sarah Bernhardt. Lavish settings, well-known cast, and an overpowering Glenda Jackson.

MARY POPPINS — Julie Andrews as the nanny with magical powers sings and dances her way through this musical fantasy for all the family.

NOBY DICK — Release of the film based on Herman Melville's classic. Stars Gregory Peck as Captain Ahab, out for revenge against the whale that got his leg.

NETWORK — Examines TV's ability to influence and brainwash while depicting people struggling for power in running a major American network. Involved in TV politics are Peter Finch, who portrays a news anchor, Faye Dunaway, a top executive, and Robert Duvall, a top network officer.

OPERATION THUNDERBOLT — The Israeli-made film of the Entebbe rescue mission directed by Menahem Golan. This one stars real Israelis including some familiar ex-Cabinet faces. Fast paced and more convincing than the previous version.

PEYTON PLACE — 1957 Academy Award winning film based on Grace Metalious' novel about life in a small New England town. Gossip, affairs, plus other ingredients that combine to produce soap opera trivia. Redemptive features are good photography, and a strong cast that includes Mary Robson and Lana Turner.

ROCKY — Made with a rock-bottom budget of \$11m. and written in three days by Sylvester Stallone — who also stars in the film — the film became an Academy Award winner for best picture, best director. The story of an impoverished, once-third-rate boxer who rocks to success and gets to play the world heavyweight champion paragon Sylvester's own life story.

SILVER STREAK — Gene Wilder, Jill Clayburgh, Richard Pryor, Patrick McGowan and others as a Los Angeles to Chicago rail-side full of entertaining murders, intrigues, thrills, belly-laughs, and \$200,000 worth of train-rash. Directed by Arthur Hiller. U.S.A. 1978

(Continued on page 9)

مكتبة من الأصل

Tel Aviv Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, August 27, 1977

ALLENBY Tel. 57820

8th week
Sat. at 8:00
Weekdays at 4:00-9:30

GONE WITH THE WIND



CLARK GABLE
VIVIAN LEE
LESLIE HOWARD
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

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11th week

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DRIVE-IN

CINEMA PRESENTS

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AUGUST 26 — SEPTEMBER 1

Philippe Van Parijs



1994/1995

EDUCATIONAL: 3:00 Programme for kindergarten to 10. The Perfect Summer: The adventures of a group of children one summer day 10:35 The life and works of Dutch painter Vincent Van Gogh
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17:30 Cartoons
18:00 What's Your Favorite Place?

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the gramophone
18.30 Sports commentary
19.00 Proptic and events in the news
19.30 Bible Reading: Jeremiah 14
20.00
20.30 The story of flamingo dancers
21.00 The Dols
21.30 Folk songs
22.00 Poems and Judaism
22.30 Shem, Ham and Jabbot
23.00 Groups on different minority
programs in Israel
23.30 The road to - Glendon Lavin
Ar talks about current problems with
hislers

- 11:00 A variety of current events in Israel and abroad
- 12:00 Hebrew songs
- 13:00 Hebrew ball parade
- 14:00 Family life parade
- 15:00 Hebrew song
- 16:00 The Minister of the Interior Dr. Moshe Shapira answers questions from participants
- 17:00 The Minister of Education Shimon Peres answers questions from participants
- 18:00 The Minister of Agriculture and Entailment Yehoshua Zeevi answers questions from participants
- 19:00 The Jewish point of view on the Arab-Zionist Personal File - Pinhas Eldad
- 20:00 Interviews at a reservist in the Engineering Corps
- 21:00 Encounter by Leizer - a staff of psychologists and psychiatrists try to solve listeners personal problems
- 22:00 The Minister of Defense Moshe Dayan makes a single man or woman talking with a single man or woman in the studio and interested

NEWS IN ENGLISH
 7.00 (Fourth, Fifth) *
 14.00 (Fourth, Fifth) *
 17.45 (Fourth, Fifth) *
 20.00 (Fourth, Fifth) *

• Fourth programme: 7.37 kHz;
Jerusalem area 674; central Israel;
1025
• Fifth programme: Short wave and
FM 88.2 MHz



Victoriana in Tel Aviv

Catherine Rosenhelmer

WHAT USED to be the seedy side of Tel Aviv — the run-down, sleazy area around what was once the port and the old fairgrounds — has in recent years become the city's Soho, full of restaurants, bars, *crêperies*, pizzerias and night clubs, of very varied price and quality levels.

A relatively new trend in the area is in the line of furniture and furnishings. At the northernmost end of Dizengoff and Ben Yehuda are shops like Design International, selling modern, locally

designed furniture; Bamboo House, with pricey, good looking cane-wares; Class, a sophisticated household and furnishing accessory boutique, very much on the lines of England's Habitat chain; shops selling nothing but architectural hardware and door fittings, or roller blinds for windows, and many others.

Newest here, tucked away in Rehov Yordet HaSitra, is one of the nicest browsers and least pretentious antique shops in town. The Atikia, very much a feminist enterprise. Co-owners Tamar Davidor and Hadassah Avni took over a ramshackle old warehouse, once a factory, and remodelled it, stripping bare the old supporting beams, whitewashing all the walls, but still retaining its original character.

Appearances are deceptive: the shopfront is narrow, but once you

climb up the steep metal ladder staircase, you find a very spacious showroom perched up in the rafters, brimming with old English furniture, the majority Victorian and Edwardian, together with Oriental rugs, Tiffany, art nouveau and oil lamps, old pewter, and even a few 17th-century and Georgian items.

THE ATIKIA specializes in English furniture because Hadassah feels that its generally small proportions are better suited to the local environment than pretentious gilded pseudo-Louis type antiques and chandeliers.

Most of her antiques still smellish modern fints and also mix well with modern pieces. One customer, for example, mixed a set of Victorian dining chairs with a plate-glass-topped, chrome-

legged dining table, and was thrilled with the result. Chaise longue and spoon-backed chairs are popular additions to modern living rooms, as are glass-fronted vitrines, small bureaux or dressers for dining areas.

The Atikia's customers range from kibbutzniks and young couples to the higher income brackets — and 90 per cent come back a second time. Prices, reckon Hadassah and Tamar, are 30 to 40 per cent higher than the equivalent imported modern furniture; import duties are the same.

TAMAR makes buying trips to England once or twice a year. She is finding it harder and harder to find reasonably priced, functional old furniture. Renovation is done here — it is particularly hard to find good French polishers, able

to restore the patina without changing the texture of the wood. "We get some funny demands — customers who want us to take the dents out of antiques...and at first people were not so keen on English furniture, many preferring the flashier French styles to the simple beauty of Sheraton mahogany, old oak."

In the five years she has been in business, Tamar has witnessed a growing trend back to antiques, both among customers with more avant garde tastes and the more conservative. That fact has disadvantages — and disadvantages. "Once you could buy beautiful old furniture from the children of the dying generation of old yekkes, who had no use for what they considered out-moded family heirlooms. Today, they have learned to appreciate them, and they're not selling any more."



or in a disruption of schedules." Nitza Tamari draws attention to the fact that facilities at Ben-Gurion Airport compare more than favourably with terminals of commensurate size anywhere in the world. "Where else, even in larger airports, will you find 1,000 individual handcars for passengers to transport luggage?" she asks. "Our automatic luggage selection machinery is on a par with the best anywhere, and we have arranged a special procedure to clear group arrivals."

So far as space is concerned, she adds, there will be no immediate relief. But Yoram Aridor, the deputy minister in the Prime Minister's office in charge of the Transport Ministry, following a recent visit to the terminal under-taken to have a 2,000 square metre reception hall for arrivals ready sometime next year.

An airline official just back from abroad has more practical suggestions. "No one complains of security procedures," he points out, "but at present there are bottlenecks which serve no useful purpose."

As an example, he found only five of the nine police booths at the large increase in volume. The passport check manned, necessitating long queues. They stretched out even longer at customs control, with one official, "Tourists have nothing to do in this queue," he pointed out. "Israelis here must display their foreign currency authorization and obtain certificates for any item subject to duty on their return, such as cameras, but foreign tourists spend a long time waiting just to get their boarding cards stamped."

He suggests the five stages which an outgoing passenger must pass — luggage inspection, check-in, police passport control, customs control and the final body search — could conceivably be fused into a less cumbersome procedure, which at present takes about an hour.

EDWARD FRANKFURT, Israeli manager for TWA, whose 44 flights weekly in both directions are second in volume only to El Al's, believes there is an urgent need for a second departure hall.

He is more reserved in his criticism than some of his colleagues, and maintains that the Airport Authority, now some three months old as an independent agency, has already introduced some improvements. "There are now more security personnel for processing of passengers and less delay in takeoffs," he points out.

Like all other airlines serving Israel, TWA was surprised by the large increase in volume. The first six months of the year saw 103,726 outgoing passengers.

"Surprised at the difference," he asks with a smile. "Well, we have thousands of passengers whose destination is Israel. They go on to Israel over the Jordan River bridges before leaving for home via Ben-Gurion." □

JERUSALEM



Jewish quarter

Let's See Le Ket

A fine new gift shop with carefully chosen quality arts and crafts.
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Good American-Israeli Food
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Jerusalem
Top of stairs opposite Western
Wall, Tel. 423694. Open:
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The First Kosher
Restaurant
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International (Moroccan) food
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Tel. 288784 (evenings).

Jacob Aziz
Gems — Jewellery — Antiques
Gold-Silver Jewellery
with natural precious stones.
Jewish Quarter,
18 Rehov Tiferet Yisrael
(next to United Mizrahi Bank).

IN THE OLD CITY
OR IN THE NEW
THE JERUSALEM
POST

HAIFA



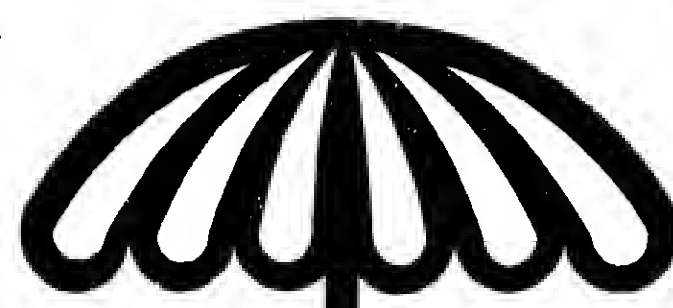
Final seafood, grill specialties,
lobster, shrimp, oysters, sepias
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Manager: Solih Brothers
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Jewish Ceremonial Art

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linger...

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honey,
pecan dates and more...
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TASTE OF ISRAEL

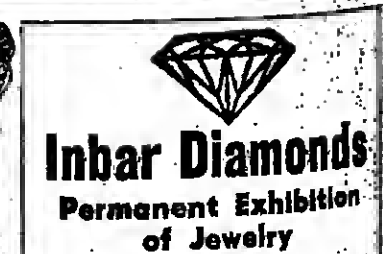
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Visiting hours
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THE IDEA was born the other day over a steaming instant. Ervinke and I had got on the topic of running inflation, and from there it was but a step to Napoleon.

Ervinke was claiming that Napoleon had died in 1883 in America, but on buried the a.s. Heleau, but I was positive he'd died much earlier than that. I wanted to quote the precise date, but much as I racked my brains, I couldn't come up with it.

I therefore called on our waiter Gusti to ask what he remembered of the affair. Gusti did some heavy thinking, but in the end it turned out he could recall nothing except that the date of Napoleon's death appeared in his second year high school textbook on page 147, two lines from the bottom, and that he'd drawn a large abstract cogit sucking on a pink pacifier in the margin of the page.

A painless education

NAPOLÉON I (1769-1821), emperor of France from 1804 to 1814 and again from 1815 to 1816, was born at Ajaccio on Aug. 15, 1769, one year and a few months after the creation of Corsica. He was the fourth child—and the youngest—of Carlo Bonaparte and his wife Letizia. His father's family was of ancient origin, it had emigrated to Corsica in the 16th century and in his last years resided at the towers and courtyards had connected to make it.

I+7

Ephraim Kishon

And that's where Ervinke got his brainwave.

"Bingo!" he said. "Now then!" We ran our minds over some of the dates and facts we'd learned in our school days, and realized that, sure enough, what had

stayed in our memory was the place in the textbook where the event was described, and not the event itself. We mentioned this mad discovery to some of the other regulars and they confirmed it; they, too, remembered only the page-numbers in textbooks and the latitude of Bible quotations. A fierce argument developed as to what page Napoleon had got married on.

"THE next question we must obviously ask ourselves," said Ervinke, summing up our research, "is why remember all this mass of data when it's going to be forgotten anyhow? Why not just memorize what's bound to stick in your mind — that's to say the place in the textbook where the data are found? Think how much more sensible it would be if examinations were held my way:

"Where did the American Civil War start?" a teacher will ask, for instance.

"On page 41 of 'A High School History of the United States' by J.F. Morland, third edition," the diligent student will answer. "And on the next page General Grant won his first victory."

"And how did the war end?" "In small print, with a picture at the bottom, on page 46 of the same book."

"Excellent, thank you." We hope the Ministry of Education will take due notice of the Ervinke Method. It's funny, but just last week the paper quoted our Minister of Education as saying something on the subject, on page four, column two, in fat print. I've forgotten what it was. □

Translated by Miriam Arad. By arrangement with "Ma'ariv."

A BRIDGE NAMED BEN

"One who shared with us his guts, his skills, his dedication, and his person in order to restore the name Israel to its rightful place on the world map." So writes Yitzhak Rabin in his foreword to the recently-published autobiography of Ben Dunkelman. But Dunkelman is embittered by the fact that his own name is being excluded from our history books. The Jerusalem Post's HIRSH GOODMAN reports.

THERE IS a bridge up north, very close to the Lebanese border and not far from the Dovev entrance to the "Good Fence." A small sign near the bridge tells the passer-by that it is called *Geshor Ben — Ben's Bridge*. I've seen the sign a hundred times; I never gave it a moment's thought.

Not long ago I met Ben. His full name is Ben Dunkelman and since then I have given him lots of thought. The Ben I met could have been Israel's first officer commanding of the Armoured Corps. He was the second commander of the Seventh Brigade during the War of Independence, and one of the leading men behind the planning of the "Burma Road," which relieved the siege of Jerusalem. Today he is a wealthy, but bitter, Canadian citizen who claims that he is being written out of this country's history books.

To set the record straight Ben has written his autobiography — *Dual Allegiance* (Macmillan of Canada, Toronto, 1976), to be published in Hebrew by Schocken later this year. One has to meet him, however, to be impressed.

Dunkelman's relationship with this country started a long time before he arrived here in 1948 to head the Mahal battalion in Israel's fight for independence. He had come to Palestine long before the advent of the state and worked in the fields of Tel Asher, happily accepting the drudgery of helping his father run a huge men's outfitting business in Canada.

But, if we are to understand correctly from the book, his parents' incessant nagging (they were classic diaspora Zionists who did everything so that other Jews could settle the Jewish homeland) and the "playboy" in him, got the better of Dunkelman and he returned to Canada.

After much beer and many women — diversions which are chronicled in detail — the Second World War penetrated Dunkelman's indifference to his British citizenship, and he joined up with the Queens Own Rifles for a stint in Europe which left him both a major and a more mature person.

THE WAR OVER, back in Canada and the outfitting business, Dunkelman was restless. He loved the Palestine he had left. He identified strongly with the friends he had made there, and the ideals and goals of the vibrant young people he had left behind fighting the mosquitoes and helping to build a country.

He devoted himself to raising both funds and people for Israel, and was a well-known speaker for "the cause" in communities throughout Canada. It was not long before he was approached by two Israeli *schichtim* (emissaries) and asked to lay the foundations of a brigade of Jewish North American volunteers to join in the war effort in Israel.

Dunkelman was a fairly successful, but the attitude of Jews in the U.S. has left a permanent scar on him. He was horrified



Dunkelman as he looks today (upper left) and on guard duty during his years at Tel Asher in 1940s.

by the behaviour of Jewish officials who did everything they could not to jeopardize themselves in terms of their relationship with the State Department, and who actively opposed his efforts to recruit Jews for the Hagana, let alone support him — even tacitly.

But Dunkelman succeeded to some extent, and left for France where, together with Jewish volunteers from all over the world, he and his recruits were trained by Hagana personnel for their part in the war.

Dunkelman was soon moved off to Haifa, with an assumed name and forged papers. When he arrived, there was of course not a soul to meet him. He still thinks the British immigration officer at the port must have had a well-oiled palm to let him through.

Dunkelman is well over six feet, blond and blue-eyed; the photo and vital statistics on the forged

passport could not have been more unlike him. He languished in a hotel in Haifa for days before he was contacted by the Palmah, who had somehow heard of his arrival. He explained that he had been brought over to head a brigade made up of foreign volunteers.

According to him, he was submitted to increasing pressure to break up the brigade and spread his men through the ranks of the fledgling Israeli army.

That was only the start for Dunkelman. He was dumbstruck, but somehow impressed, by the amateurism of the operation he was witnessing. He wanted more stringent discipline. He wanted uniforms. He wanted more intrinsic pride.

IN SHORT, he wanted more of the Queens Own, for the believed —

ty in World War II. He was responsible for both the production of the weapons and the training of the men. He had to spend as much time teaching them how to prevent the mortars from exploding in their own faces as how to hit the enemy with their shells.

From mortars he was transferred to mobilized infantry, getting command of the Seventh Brigade and going up to Galilee, where, under Moshe Carmel's leadership, he played a key role in Operation Hiram and the liberation of the northern sector of the country.

Dunkelman, by now a Sgan Aluf, also managed to marry Carmel's secretary, Yael. In a wedding ceremony best described as makeshift, and hardly to the liking of his parents back in Canada.

But like all wars, the War of Independence ended. Dunkelman's contribution to it was appreciated. Ben-Gurion took a liking to the young man from Canada and became his patron. Dunkelman had everything going for him. He was the blue-eyed boy of the Israeli leadership. He was a highly-respected officer. He was talented; he was wealthy. He was offered command of the Armoured Corps. He declined.

Today he bemoans the fact that he never stayed in the army. Instead, he hung up his uniform, and decided to contribute to the young state by bringing Western business methods and North American efficiency into this corner of the Levant. He failed miserably. He lost a fortune in ventures which, on the drawing-boards, looked healthy.

He left Israel in the early '60s a bitter man, returning to Canada to lick his wounds and enter yet another battle — this time for a solution of his problem of dual allegiance. He has not yet solved it.

TODAY Dunkelman owns a house in Netanya. But the fact that he cannot get a phone in his house, as does the continuing bureaucracy which foiled his projects in this country in the early 50s: building 6,000 dwelling units for immigrants and bringing Coca-Cola here.

He feels that he is being evaded by some of his old army comrades, many of them now holding key positions, who were once his juniors. He feels that the textbooks here are distorted and present inaccurate accounts of the War of Independence.

They are designed, he says, to cover up bad decisions by certain people who today hold (or rather, until May 17, held) top government posts, and to foster the fallacy of Israeli invincibility and Arab ineptitude.

Dunkelman is bitter, but he continues to work for the Zionist cause, and continues to visit his children to love Israel and to study here. He cares and he works hard. But he is confused. And his confusion is reflected in his book. Indeed, the title tells it all. □

ALYAH & ABSORPTION INFORMATION COLUMN

Successful absorption is a key to increased aliyah. The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption and the Jewish Agency are presenting this column as part of a series of articles designed to provide olim with information in various fields: practical advice, reports on changes in regulations, employment and housing opportunities, and stories of olim now absorbed. It is obvious that the column will not be aimed at the same reader each time.

The column is written by a staff of freelance writers, most of them olim. The views they hold are their own.

We are hoping that enough interest in this effort will be generated to encourage reader responses, which will allow us to tailor the content to demand. It is not our intention to resolve and reply to specific complaints of olim, but we will select problems encountered as subjects for future articles.

CENTRE FOR COUNSELLING OF VOLUNTEERS AND STUDENTS (C.C.V.S.)

Our apologies to our regular readers for running the same column twice in succession. However, we are interested in informing the many young summer visitors of C.C.V.S.'s services.

Have you come to Israel for a limited period of time? Are you taking part in one of the many programmes offered by various agencies here? If so, perhaps you'll want to investigate possible opportunities for planning your future in Israel.

EMPLOYMENT

You are no doubt aware that the Israeli economy is going through a very difficult period. Nevertheless, there are consistently more jobs available than people to fill them. Of course, this doesn't mean that there are jobs in every field of interest or in every city. Some

careers are over-subscribed, and certain jobs are not available in the country's major cities.

Like everywhere else in the world today, there is an increasing demand for people who have clear-cut professions and/or skills, rather than for those who have a general education background. Israel's greatest need today is for those who have mastered industrial or technological skills (i.e. carpenters, electricians) but there is also considerable demand for those engaged in the helping professions (i.e. social workers, nurses, etc.).

An important point to keep in mind is that today's job emphasis

is on practical — rather than theoretical or research-oriented — fields. For instance, there is a greater need for engineers for industry than for people in pure mathematics and theoretical physics. In the social sciences, the need is for people who work with people, rather than for those who work with white mice or statistics. In the business world, bookkeepers and accountants are in great demand, but a macro-planning economist may have difficulty finding work.

TRAINING PROGRAMMES

In one category of training programme, candidates who have completed 8-9 years of formal schooling may participate in courses in the fields of metal-work, carpentry, machine-tool operation, and automotive mechanics. These courses last three to nine months, and are also open to those possessing more than the minimum educational requirements. Almost every month, new courses begin in all parts of the country.

A second group of courses is provided for high school graduates. These concentrate on vocational training for technicians and practical engineers. The courses take one to two years, and aim to produce people who may work in anything from biomedical technology to automated control systems for industrial production.

In addition to being able to participate in any of the above courses, university graduates may take part in courses in a number of more specialized fields. Courses exist in areas ranging from social work to supermarket management, from systems analysis to teaching.

For those of you who have a specific career in mind — and one that is needed in Israel — there is a broad spectrum of excellent train-

ing programmes for you to investigate.

The Ministry of Absorption together with the Ministry of Labour run a number of training and retraining courses, for which newcomers to Israel are eligible. Most of these programmes are free of charge, and a living allowance may also be provided for students in need.

THE STUDENT AUTHORITY (Minhal Haetudentim)

The Student Authority of the Ministry of Absorption provides young settlers wishing to study in Israel's universities and colleges (michlei) with help, guidance and financial assistance. Almost any subject — taught anywhere in the world — is also taught here.

The universities are expanding in many different areas. Professors from all over the world come to do Sabbatical work in Israel's colleges.

While the Student Authority imposes certain restrictions with regard to age, duration of studies, and financial need before awarding scholarships, these criteria become more flexible if you are studying a subject leading to proficiency in an occupation needed in Israel.

The Authority grants financial assistance to immigrant students in the form of dormitory housing, tuition fees and living allowances. Each applicant's case is reviewed separately, and the assistance depends largely on the applicant's economic status, the subject he is studying, his achievements during the previous year, and the length of time he has lived in Israel.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR TOURISTS

All the courses mentioned above are open to young people who intend to settle in Israel — those who are officially olim or temporary residents. However, if you have not yet decided on aliyah but wish to gain more experience in Israel you

can take advantage of several opportunities here while retaining your tourist status.

For example, you may want to spend an additional six months attending a kibbutz upon after completing a one-year university programme — or vice versa. If you are a kibbutz upon graduate you might be interested in working in a development town. Many young people from Western countries have found satisfying and rewarding work in social or educational programmes in Israel's development towns, which are in fact one of the few places left in the world where desire to work and adjust counts more than diplomas. This avenue is of course open to both new settlers and volunteer-tourists.

If the period of time you wish to spend here is more limited there is also the possibility of volunteering for work in a kibbutz or moshav.

Under certain conditions, a tourist may receive a work permit without changing his status to olim or temporary resident. The most important condition is usually that he or she have a marketable skill. There is a special unit which has been set up specifically to help advise young people on the various opportunities available here in Israel. This office will also guide you through any difficulties you may encounter along the way. You can contact the Centre for Counselling of Volunteers and Students, (C.C.V.S.) Jewish Agency 12 Rehov Kaplan, Tel Aviv, Tel. 03-288311.

If you would like more information about any of these opportunities — or any advice about newcomers' privileges, finding a job, housing, etc. — please feel free to stop in (or drop a line) any working day except Friday, between 8.00 a.m. and 3.00 p.m. Communicated by the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption. G.M.S.

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Entangled hearts



AMEN by Yehuda Amichai. Translated by the author and Tod Hughes. New York, Harper and Row. 110 pp. \$3.95.

TRAVELS OF A LATTER-DAY BENJAMIN OF TUDELA by Yehuda Amichai. Translated by Ruth Nevo. Webster Review/The Menard Press. 60pp. \$2.50.

Howard Schwartz

ON THE BASIS of his *Selected Poems and Songs of Jerusalem and Myself*, the first two volumes of his poetry to appear in English translation, Yehuda Amichai has been widely recognized by the English-speaking world as the finest living poet writing in Hebrew and as one of the best poets writing in any language.

Now, with the appearance of *Amen* and *Travels of a Latter-day Benjamin of Tudela*, that judgment can only be confirmed.

These new translations also give evidence of the development of Amichai's poetic technique, and reveal his ability as a translator.

As always, Amichai speaks (and often sings) in a voice that is deceptively simple, understated, and utterly human. The poems in *Amen* are primarily short lyrics, lullabies, and laments, whose subjects revolve around the pain of longing and absence, the most haunting of human emotions. Take, for example, this first poem among the "Seven Laments for the Fallen in the War":

Mr. Beringer, whose son fell by the Canal, which was dug by strangers

for ships to pass through the desert.
He has become very thin; has lost his son's weight.
Therefore he is floating lightly through the alleys,
getting entangled in my heart like driftwood.

No sooner have we read this poem than, by a process both mysterious and yet simple, Mr. Beringer, his son, and Yehuda Amichai have all become entangled in our hearts. And the fact that these poems are able to retain their impact in translation owes much to Amichai's striking and original use of imagery, such as these lines from "Love Song":

Now I'm like a Trojan Horse filled with terrible loves:
Each night they break out and run amok
and sit down they come back into my dark belly.

Or consider these haunting lines from "Letter of Recommendation":

Oh, touch me, touch me, you good woman!

This is not a scar you feel under my shirt.
It's a letter of recommendation, folded,
from my father:
"He is still a good boy and full of love."

PUBLISHED at the same time as *Amen*, Amichai's *Travels of a Latter-day Benjamin of Tudela* consists of a series of 56 poems that have been simultaneously conceived of as a poetic autobiography and fiction. Benjamin of Tudela was a wandering rabbi of the Middle Ages who searched for lost or unknown Jewish communities. Like his historic namesake, this latter-day Benjamin has been profoundly influenced by his Jewish upbringing and environment, in which "My heart fasts nearly every

week whether I drop a scroll to the ground or not."
Filled with opening and closing prayers, good and evil angels, and a God who provides both blessings and curses, this sequence, magnificently rendered into English by Ruth Nevo, succeeds in recreating an accurate sense of both the inner and outer landscapes of Jewish life.

At the same time the effects of this long poem are both individual and cumulative, as echoes resound between poems and Amichai's characterization of Benjamin begins to glow and come to life. And, of course, there are many lines and images that take the breath away, of which these are but a few examples:

But already then I was marked for death like an orange
for peeling, like chocolate to break, like a hand-grenade to explode.

The prayers of your childhood return now, falling from above like bullets that missed their mark and return long afterwards, to earth.

A woman said to me once:
"Everyone goes to his own funeral." I didn't understand then. I don't understand now, but I go.

Yehuda Amichai writes: "Angels flew about me and sniffed at my heart and cried to each other." These cries he has recorded in his poems in a manner that can be understood by all; and these fine translations make perfectly clear, Amichai is able to speak to all of us, no matter what our language, with an eloquence that derives primarily from his simplicity and directness. Israelis are fortunate to have a poet of Amichai's stature living among them. And through these translations, the rest of us can share this good fortune. □

Medicine and Halacha

JEWISH MEDICAL ETHICS by Immanuel Jakobovits. New York, Bloch Publishing Company. 498 pp. \$5.95.

SEFER ASSIA now rewritten and edited by Dr. Abraham Steinberg. Jerusalem, The Falk Schlesinger Institute for Medical Halachic Research, Shaare Zedek Hospital. 340 pp. No price stated.

BRITAIN'S Chief Rabbi Immanuel Jakobovits' treatise is subtitled "A Comparative and Historical Study of the Jewish Religious Attitude to Medicine and its Practice." First published in 1959, this new and enlarged edition is brought up to date by the inclusion of an extensive chapter on "Recent Developments in Jewish Medical Ethics," which covers some of the many striking advances in medical science—heart transplants, oral contraceptives, sex changes, artificial insemination—and which tend to radically alter new moral and religious problems.

Jewish Medical Ethics covers so much ground that a short review cannot dwell meaningfully on any of the problems raised—birth control and abortion, eugenics and sterilization, euthanasia and blood donations, faith-healing and irrational medical beliefs. On these and other subjects the author is most illuminating. It is to his credit—as an Orthodox rabbi of such standing—that on the touchy and rather explosive subject of autopsies, Jakobovits maintains a meticulously objective stance.

While rejecting the bland proposition that "dissection in the interests of science was permitted by the Talmud," he goes on to show that Judaism "became a religion of dissection." In the course of his discussion, he furnishes evidence that the sages of the Talmud themselves in certain cases engaged in various forms of autopsy (including the boiling of the body of a prostitute condemned to death, in order to ascertain the exact number of bones in human beings and to solve a religious question requiring these facts). However, Rabbi Jakobovits observes that Judaism eventually evolved an outlook that is "increasingly unfavourable to the utilization of the dead in the service of science."

Asile is the name of a quarterly published by the Falk Schlesinger Institute for the Study of Medicine According to Torah. Its editor, Dr. Steinberg, has wisely decided to offer a wide selection of articles, abstracts and reports culled from the 12 issues which appeared during the publication's first three years. The articles are grouped in four main sections—Sabbath and holidays, gynaecology and fertility surgery and pathology, and medical ethics.

The selection is in Hebrew—and for those with a knowledge of languages it will prove a worthy companion to *Jewish Medical Ethics*. Perhaps inevitably, the general tone is more stringent; the only article of autopsies is written by a Canadian rabbi, G. Feller, who asserts that "there is absolutely no mention in the Talmud of dissecting the dead for medical purposes." □ T.H.B.

ACCORDING to the foreword to this 186-page book, the human animal differs from the lesser primates in his passion for lists of Ten Best... In fact, we can't believe there lives a person with a soul so dead, who never to himself has said, "I think I'll make a list." Apparently, if we are to believe the authors, everyone is making lists all the time: New Year's resolutions lists, shopping lists, laundry lists. And for all I know, they may be right. Even the Creator himself was not immune to this compulsion, and had the authors had any say in the matter, the list would have been titled "The ten best recipes for salvation."

The book contains some 350 lists spread over 21 headings, with titles such as "What's in a name" (Leon Uris' 12 greatest Jews of all time, 30 Renowned Redheads, 25 Famous Slaveholders, 28 people born the same day, month, year); "Crime and Punishment" (Clifford Irving's 10 best forgers of all time, 8 Remarkable Escapes from Devil's Island, 10 Possible Victims of 10 possible "Jack the Rippers," 10 countries that use torture today: Brazil, Uruguay, Chile, India, Iran, Paraguay, Philippines, Spain, Turkey, Uganda—Sunday Times, please note!);

"Good Heavens... What on Earth" lists highest waterfalls, largest lakes, greatest deserts, as well as 4,307 objects orbiting the earth.

And so on: wars, animals, travel—Safe Air Lines: TAP, Qantas, Delta, American, most Dangerous Airlines: ALIA (Jordan), VASA (Venezuela), Egypt, TAROM, Turkish Airlines—Music: Dr. Demento's 10 Worst Song Titles of All Time ("They Sought a Songbird in Heaven, So God Took Caruso Away," "Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go with Friday on Saturday Night," "Would You Rather Be a Colonel with an Eagle on Your Shoulder or a Private with a Chicken on Your

Forgot anything?



Irving Wallace, centre, with daughter Amy and son David Wallachinsky.

THE BOOK OF LISTS by David Wallace, Irving Wallace and Amy Wallace. New York, William Morrow. 521 pp. \$10.95.

Wim van Leer

Knee?" and, from my own recollection, very apt these inflationary days: "When the milk goes up another penny a pint, bring me back to my mammy again...")

And so, via literature, science, on to the twin American preoccupations: Sport (24 feats of physical strength, 18 best golf holes) and Sex. And since as far as the latter is concerned we are all Americans, here goes: 3 people who died during sex: Attila the Hun, President Felix Faure, Pope Leo VIII. 10 women offered \$1 million each if they pose nude for a girls' magazine: Patty Hearst, Raquel Welch, Caroline Kennedy, Julie Eisenhower, Susan Ford and

even Barbara Walters (if Felicia Langer's agent cares to get in touch with me, I have a small offer to make). 8 celebrities who have had vasectomies: Arthur Godfrey, Dean Martin, Lord Snowdon; news certainly gets around. 8 positions for sexual intercourse in order of preference (sorry, this information will cost you \$10.95). And so from Bed to Breakfast, or rather dinner.

"Guess who's Coming to Dinner" gives us 18 lists of "Favourite Dinner Guests" by celebrities as diverse as James Agate, Arthur Koestler, Art Buchwald, H.R. Haldeman. This is where we show our taste for the exotic, the profound or the frivolous. This is where we reveal the bleeding little snobs we all are, but it rang a familiar note: I remember that I once had to make a guest list at a town-hall gala. I had been billed as a writer and my dinner guests, if memory serves me right, included Dr.

Johnson, Napoleon, Verlaine, a few obscure poets, and that grandly horizontal Nihon de Lencow. The list revealed nothing of not refined interests plus much tiling quadrilateral. The mind reels contemplating the conversation: Dr. Johnson: "Let me dine with the rich, and dine with the poor." Verlaine: "That's said, very very sad. It cries in my heart like it rains on the city." Napoleon: "That's said too." Shkapears: "I was saying the other day to the misus..." Verlain (interrupts): "I haven't finished yet. Oh, the trumpets of autumn... no, that's too loud. What about the piccolo of autumn? No, that's too shrill." Dr. Johnson: "Fiddledicks." Verlain: "Yea, yes, the victims of autumn! Thank you, Herr Doktor."

Shakespeare: "As I was saying to the misus the other day, 'A horse, o horse...'" Verlain (interrupts): "That's and too." Really, Mr. Agate, what with Cheops, Hannibal, the captain of the Marie Celeste, the Marquis de Sade and Billy the Kid, there would not be a stick of furniture left whole before the soup has been slurped. Koestler made do with Genghis Khan, King Solomon and Madama de Pompadour: "What's for dinner?" Genghis Khan: "Yon, baby." Art Buchwald (introducing his guests): Julius, Stalin, Hitler, Nixon, Jack the Ripper. Buchwald: "I always wanted you all to meet. You have a lot in common."

Judas: "The last supper I attended was less than a success."

MY FAVOURITE list is that of "Unnatural Laws," of which Murphy's Law is the best known one (scientists, please note). Nonreciprocal Laws of Expectations: "Negative expectations yield negative results. Positive expectations yield negative results."

readily." Zymurgy's First Law of few obscure poets, and that grandly horizontal Nihon de Lencow. The list revealed nothing of not refined interests plus much tiling quadrilateral. The mind reels contemplating the conversation: Dr. Johnson: "Let me dine with the rich, and dine with the poor." Verlaine: "That's said, very very sad. It cries in my heart like it rains on the city." Napoleon: "That's said too." Shkapears: "I was saying the other day to the misus..." Verlain (interrupts): "I haven't finished yet. Oh, the trumpets of autumn... no, that's too loud. What about the piccolo of autumn? No, that's too shrill." Dr. Johnson: "Fiddledicks." Verlain: "Yea, yes, the victims of autumn! Thank you, Herr Doktor."

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THE LAST PAGE shows us a Hungarian pianist composer whose mother was a well known molar of Liszt. In conclusion, let me say that reviewing this type of book is like reviewing telephone directories. One could term it peanut literature. I would never hide it from the kids, but go to great lengths to hide it from myself. No wonder it is a best seller in the U.S.A. It's revoltingly irresistible. Like peanuts. □

The power shift

POLITICAL CULTURE IN ISRAEL: Cleavage and Integration Among Israeli Jews by Eva Elzoni-Halavay and Rina Shapira. London, Praeger International. XXIV+250pp. £14.

Nissim Rejwan

THIS BOOK came out shortly before the elections to the Ninth Knesset. It is probably true to say that the results of those elections, which seem to have taken everybody by surprise, did not provoke even a raised eyebrow in the two sociologists who wrote this study. Throughout their book, they make it increasingly clear that over the years the "cleavage" of the subtitle was far more actively at work than the "integration."

At least three types of cleavage are discerned by the writers—what they term the "excessive power discrepancy" between the political elite and the public, the ideological gap between the ruling parties and the populace, and public resentment at the so-called *Mehdal* of the Yom Kippur war. There can be little doubt that a convergence of these three factors was largely to blame for the upheaval that Israel witnessed on May 17—a development signifi-

ling the downfall not merely of the ruling Alignment coalition and the Labour Party, but most probably of a whole style of "political culture."

The deeper roots of these phenomena are ably and lucidly explained in the book, whose findings are based on numerous research projects conducted by various Israeli institutions and individuals. The great and growing "power gap" between the establishment and the public has been the result of the elite's near-monopolization of resources, helped by such devices as administrative centralization, the marked politicization of social institutions and, above all, pervasive government control of the economy. To be sure, the resultant dependence of the public on the political centre has on the whole aided the establishment in establishing its own position of dominance; yet it was, at the same time, a tension-provoking mechanism.

Closely related to this power discrepancy is the widening ideological gap discerned by the authors. Both the 1969 and the 1973 Knesset elections showed a shift to the right—a development to which the ruling Labour Alignment was not able to adjust despite its reputed pragmatism. This is explained by the authors in these words: "Experience, has

shown that the Israeli establishment finds it easier to be flexible where its power positions are not directly concerned. Consequently, to the extent that a shift away from the left involves a certain loosening of the reins over the economy (and thus a partial relinquishing of power positions), it is not clear whether the elite will be able or willing to evince such a flexibility."

ONE QUESTION that presents itself in this context is whether Israel's political culture can be gauged correctly or even viewed in old-fashioned terms of right and left. In a chapter entitled "The Left-Right Continuum: The Significance of Political Orientations," there is a quotation from a well-known Israeli political scientist to the effect that "the political system (in Israel) is historically, if not geographically, an extension of the continental European parliamentary tradition for which the left-right continuum has special relevance."

This was written in 1968, and it is a measure of the somewhat unwieldy nature of the thesis that in some 30 pages the authors fail to decide precisely where they stand on the subject. They point out, correctly, that "leftism" in Israel has been traditionally associated with agalitarianism and socialism, "rightism" with activism in foreign policy. At present, however, the association of "left" with equality no longer holds. A partial reason for this rather uncommon phenomenon is, according

to the authors, that the socialists, preoccupied as they usually are with relations between worker and employer, "had little to say concerning the problems of ethnic discrimination, poverty, and the culturally disadvantaged—or even on differentials of political power."

Moreover, with the workers' conditions gradually improving, with certain groups of employees joining the ranks of the advantaged, with the Histadrut becoming one of the country's major loci of power, and with the predominance of the public sector of the economy, "the entire problem of the cleavage between employers and employees faded into the background."

Along with these developments, which obviously tended to blur the differences between left and right, came the issue of activism in foreign policy. Contrary to what the authors assert, it is by no means clear that "the left-right division came to coincide largely with the 'dove'-hawk' cleavage," even though at one stage some Labour advocates of a Greater Israel found themselves impelled to join the centre-right Likud.

But these are only a few of the aspects of Israel's political culture discussed in this book, whose main merits seem to me to be its reliance on multiple sources of research and its generally clear and intelligent presentation of the material. Israel has so often been described as a paradise for the social scientist that it is good to be reminded that there is another side to that coin. □

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DAVID MARQUAND has deflated the myth of Ramsay MacDonald, the ancestral hero-turned-villain of the British democratic Left. The Oxford historian A.J.P. Taylor hailed this book as the best Prime Ministerial biography since the Second World War. Marquand, journalist, scholar and not particularly conspicuous Labour MP, earned the accolade with 15 years of sifting through the vast archive of MacDonald's papers.

James Ramsay MacDonald, the illegitimate son of Highland peasants, was a pioneer of the Labour Party and its first Prime Minister (in 1924 and again from 1929, on both occasions at the head of minority Governments). In the summer of 1981, a year of international financial disarray, he divided his party and amputated himself from the mass of his followers by accepting George V's invitation to lead a national emergency Government with the Conservatives and Liberals.

According to the myth, MacDonald was guilty of treason to the working class. He was an arrogant, isolated politician who had fallen into the "aristocratic embrace" and had been trapped by a "bankers' ramp." The myth has stuck, making titans of lesser men and giving coalitions a bad name. It owes much to hindsight and to the insidious self-justification of his enemies, though also to MacDonald's own ineptness: his taste for luxury in an age of economic distress.

Myopic Mac



RAMSAY MACDONALD by David Marquand. London, Jonathan Cape. 303 pp. £12.50

Eric Silver

Marquand's achievement is to demonstrate that MacDonald's two fateful decisions—to form a national Government and to reduce benefits for the millions of unemployed—were taken only after much agonising. More controversially, he contends that they were not inconsistent with the rest of MacDonald's career in the Labour movement.

"He has often been accused of betraying his party," Marquand writes, "but if he had acted differently he would have

betrayed his whole approach to politics. He and his party both paid a heavy price for his decision, and there can be little doubt in retrospect that the price was not worth paying. But it was his economics that were at fault, not his motives—his tragedy not that he deserted to the enemy, but that he fought with characteristic courage in a battle that turned out to be unnecessary; and that in doing so he came near to wrecking the achievements of a lifetime."

The tone is elegiac, and it permeates the whole book. Marquand is sympathetic, but not apologetic. What he has done is to adjust the focus, rendering a fairer historic verdict on a man of monumental complexity. The 15 years were well spent.

IF MACDONALD'S economics were at fault, so were those of the Treasury, the banks, and most of the Western world. Yet he had been offered an alternative to the orthodox, and ultimately disastrous policies of retrenchment and a blind defence of the pound sterling. It was pressed on the Prime Minister by J.M. Keynes and, less coherently, by the Trades Union Congress.

Marquand comments that if Keynes's expansionist advice had been followed, "the world might have been spared much unnecessary suffering; an outward-looking Britain, rather than an inward-looking United States, might have been the first great power to pioneer the

techniques of the New Deal." If this is accepted, MacDonald's sin was less one of treachery than of lack of vision, but how many of his successors in Downing Street would have chosen otherwise?

I find Marquand's analysis of the role of a Labour Prime Minister less persuasive: "The case against forming a National Government was, in essence, the same as the case against cutting unemployment benefit. It was based on the premise that a Labour politician's chief function is to represent the organised working class, and that a party leader's chief duty is to keep his followers together." MacDonald, by contrast, "had always believed that party loyalty could conflict with higher national and international loyalties and that it should come second if it did."

Undoubtedly, this was MacDonald's view, and there is reason to think it is shared by his biographer. A persistent motif of the book and of MacDonald's political life is Labour's need to prove itself a national and not just a class party. MacDonald's legacy was indeed the establishment of Labour as a credible government. Yet the distinction is synthetic.

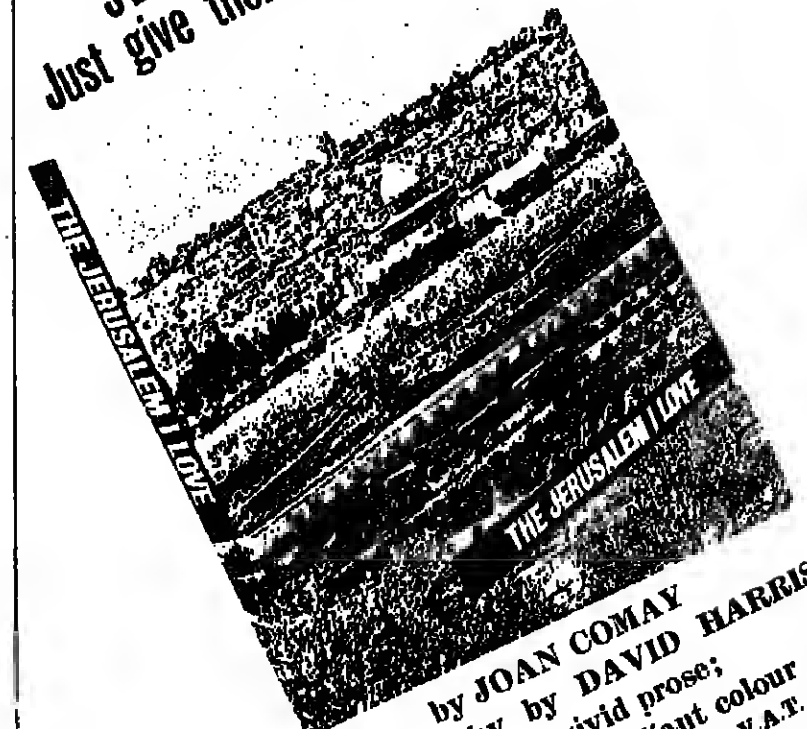
LABOUR, Harold Wilson once said, is either a crusade or it is nothing. The former Prime Minister did not always live up to his own rhetoric, but the thesis is no less valid for that. Like all radical parties, Labour sought

power not out of any vocation to rule, but to change things. The quest was for a more egalitarian society, defined as it happened in the empirical, English moralism of R.H. Tawney rather than the messianic dogmatism of Karl Marx. The impulse derived from the experience or the perception of what capitalism did to the working classes. In that sense, the party and the national interest were identical. Where they no longer coincided, a Labour Prime Minister had nothing distinctive to contribute, neither ends nor means.

The point to practical as well as theoretical. A Winston Churchill could swing from Conservative to Liberal and back to Conservative and still make a great Prime Minister. His stock in trade was that of a fighter, an hereditary politician in the eighteenth-century mould, an orator who could inspire a nation to unpredictable heights in an extreme crisis. MacDonald, on the other hand, was either a Socialist or he was nothing. Once severed from his roots, he became an increasingly pathetic figure, a puppet of the Left presiding over an administration of the Right. David Marquand has ensured that he will not be written off as that alone. □

Eric Silver, foreign correspondent of "The Guardian" and "The Observer," recently published a biography of Vic Feather, the late British Trades Union Congress leader.

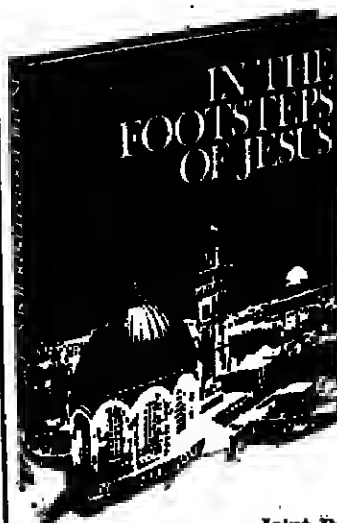
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Scarlett women

SHANNA by Kathleen E. Woodiwiss. New York, Avon Books. 661 pp. \$3.95

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING by Melle Hardwick. London, Eyre Methuen. 317 pp. No price stated.

THE LYNMARA LEGACY by Catherine Gaskin. London, Collins. 384 pp. 85p.

THE GOLDEN UNICORN by Phyllis A. Whitney. New York, Fawcett. 315 pp. \$1.95

THE STOOPING FALCON. A novel of the life of Alexander Pope by Jean Holdsworth. London, Constable. 240 pp. £4.50

Dora Sowden

YOU'VE GOT TO hand it to the girls. They can write novels - romantic, lightly-builed, driving novels that hold your interest to the last page. Out of the five in this bunch, only one is a dud - the one that makes the greatest attempt at being "literary."

The others mean to tell you a story of loves and passions, families and fortunes - and that they do. They must have a public too. Phyllis Whitney's *The Golden Unicorn* bears the banner "National Bestseller." Kathleen E. Woodiwiss's *Shanna* runs to 661 pages - and no publisher would expend so much paper unless he knew he could sell it.

The trend seems to be towards the period novel, perhaps stimulated by recent television successes. Mollie Hardwick, author of *Charlie Is My Darling* (the Charlie being the Bonnie Prince, of course) has *Upstairs, Downstairs* and *The Duchess of Duke Street* to her credit - and 80 books besides. The *Lynmara Legacy* is Catherine Gaskin's 16th novel.

And those romantic novels are clean. Can it be that the world is tired of sexual tease in print? Only one of them *Shanna*, skates on the thin ice of improbability; it never breaks it. Two-thirds of the book is

taken up with the thrilling encounters of the lovers - but they are properly (though secretly) married. The scenes are "hot," but male genitalia are referred to only as "anahood."

ALTHOUGH *Shanna* is set at the end of the year 1749, it is not really a historical novel. Except that Americans are called "colonials" and the hero is saved from the gallows by being sold as a bondsman to the owner of an island where pirates still range, there is no history in it.

The publishers describe it as "A Romance of Passion heaved Wildcat Dreams" - "The Blazing Jewel of Eternal Love" (shades of Ethel M. Dell and Marie Corelli!) and indeed it is a minor *Gone With the Wind* without the Civil War. *Shanna* is a sort of rich man's Scarlett O'Hara and Ruark's is quite clearly a Clark Gable role.

Charlie Is My Darling has greater historical pretensions, but is really more concerned with the infatuation of Dorothy Beaumont, who has her substantial affair (very modestly described) with the handsome Stuart Prince and emerges from it to love again another day. The whole story makes compelling reading because Mollie Hardwick knows how to tell it.

Catherine Gaskin's *The Lynmara Legacy* begins before World War II and goes right up to 1974. The chapters on life (upper-middle class) in the English countryside during the war years are enthralling; no matter how many times you have read about it before. The story is a romantic chain of coincidences and if it wasn't so well written its credibility would be nil. However, the reader becomes a willing believer in all the chances that tie up the lives of the various families and bring them full circle.

Phyllis A. Whitney places her story in the present, but *The Golden Unicorn* has some of the brooding threat of a thriller - a kind of *Rubicon* compulsiveness. The heroine, a successful journalist, is an adopted child who longs to find her roots. When her

foster parents are killed in a car crash, she goes in search of her past, which is bound up with a little golden unicorn on a chain she was wearing as a baby. The rest becomes a highly complicated drama, in which, after several deaths, love conquers all. Phyllis Whitney is described as "a top-selling author of romantic suspense" - and the claim is well justified here.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT is Jean Holdsworth's biographical novel about the poet Pope. *The Stopping Falcon* (a phrase from one of his poems). The author has attempted not only a life study but an account of the period. She has also tried to reproduce the staidness of 18th-century prose. The result is dull. Pope never comes alive, nor does the period, despite the conscientious detail.

Probably the main weakness is that though Jean Holdsworth gives the facts, they don't add up, because of her sentimental urge to gaze over his failings - the excess, vanity which drove him to hobnob with the rich and powerful throughout his ailing life; the warped spitefulness allied to a reluctance to acknowledge himself author of the barbs he shot so accurately. She emphasizes his kindnesses, his devotion to his parents, his suffering from a wasting disease that made him a deformed cripple.

Occasionally a passage hits the mark: "And a great poet, however splendid his visions, could be brought down by crippling illness, and made to see the world about him through the eyes of a dwarf."

Or again: "Time passed among the vanities of great men, and Mr. Pope was called into many trivial occupations which took him through the hours of the day and evening: water fees and afternoon collections, examinations of the latest additions to the picture gallery, the library, the stable, games of cards and dice, and a last appreciation of muffled claret before the menervants addressed him and lifted him into his bed."

But 240 pages even of this type of writing could kill the most promising subject - and do. □

Cash laundry

SEND NO MORE ROSES by Eric Ambler. London, Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 289 pp. 28.95.

Haim Shapiro

IF ERIC AMBLER were living in Israel, he would no doubt by now have been called in to tell all he knew to the national police committee on organized crime. At the very least, Ehud Olmert MK would have consulted with him. As it is, his latest novel presents an all too familiar picture to those who have been reading the local papers for the past few weeks. His characters specialise in laundering black money (although he never actually uses this term) and just as often wash it down the drain into their own pockets.

In fact, Ambler's heroes have come a long way. Such figures as his honest but politically innocent armaments engineer, whom I well remember from a dog-eared paperback picked up in a secondhand bookshop some years

ago, would feel out of place in the amoral world of international tax havens.

INDEED, the reader eagerly awaiting a "solution" may also feel a bit stranded with this later Ambler, who seems to have been shedding his illusions novel by novel. Who is right and who is wrong, who the victim and who the criminal. These questions are never answered.

One is left only with an odd feeling of sympathy for his characters, with their British names and strange accents, their financial aouman and their overriding sense of self-preservation. Like the legendary trainload of butter which moves endlessly through Europe, acquiring subsidies as it passes each border, they go from country to country, the cash sticking to their heels.

If there are any villains, they are the team of academics self-righteously examining the phenomenon which they choose to call the "able-criminal." Pom-pom-pom emerges as the major villain. But like Israel's investigators, remember from a dog-eared paperback picked up in a secondhand bookshop some years

Sonnet on it

ABBA ABBA by Anthony Burgess. London, Faber & Faber. 127 pp. 26.95.

ANTHONY BURGESS has a clearly done it again. Brought out yet another unique tour de force. Brilliant as *Enderby*, *Clockwork Orange* and *Re: Joyce*. And his other prize prose on a poetic plane.

Abba Abba, a fantasy, presents in the main Burgess' vision of the dying John Keats, cursed, beguiled by a Roman he fancies Keats meets, a coarse and obscene sonneteer, G.G. Bell by name.

Can Keats save himself by attempting to launch a dozen of almighty sonnets? No, but he can't. Christ reappears with the cry, "Abba Abba," raucous. Does uplift certain portions of flesh, and Petrarchan Cantos contain ABBA rhyme schemes, so Burgess' Manoh-Ester dialect Bell-laugh are still welcome. □

The age of installation

Meir Ronnen

THAT THE exhibition of large, guileless dramatic sculptures by MICHAEL GITLIN at the Israel Museum is concurrent with that of Joshua Neustein at the Tel Aviv Museum, points up the existence of a new and specifically Israeli school which combines, in an entirely original way, elements of all the great movements that have emerged in modern art over the last 25 years: abstract expressionism, minimalism and conceptual attitudes to perception and the nature of materials and techniques (in this case folding and tearing). How the work is done becomes one of the subjects of the work.

The two shows are also evidence that our leading curators are strongly oriented towards "new art" and see the country's leading museums as showcases for experimental cross-pollinations rather than repositories for historical treasures. This has, in fact, always been the case at the Israel Museum. Both artists have also been strongly supported by the Bertha Urdang Gallery.

This new "school" is an almost unnameable one, for its works combine not only elements of art history, but drawing, painting and sculpture. Critics have fallen back on the term "installation," not a bad one, for Gitlin and Neustein both use the wall and floor as part of their design and concept and carefully relate the entire separate works to the total space available, even creating or repelling some of the works in situ. Indeed, Gitlin planned his sculptures to fit the spaces and corners of the Billy Rose Pavilion with the aid of an architectural model of the gallery.

Gitlin's work may however, be safely termed "painted wooden sculpture." He has successfully used the space available that even the presence of a few spectators stand certainly that of the table used by the guard) seems an affront to his piece; ideally, viewers ought to be allowed in one at a time.

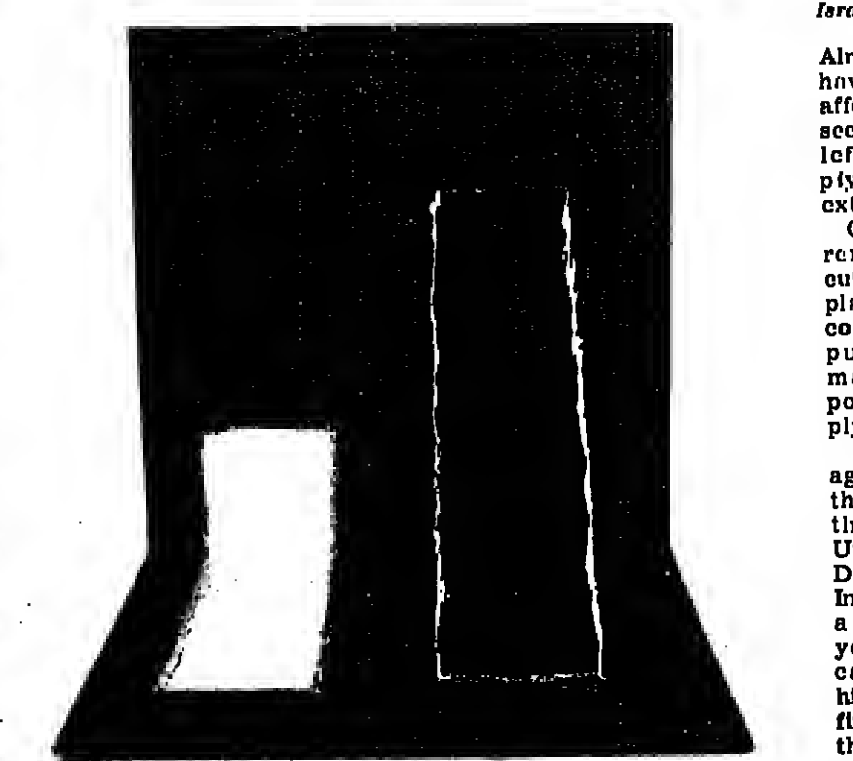
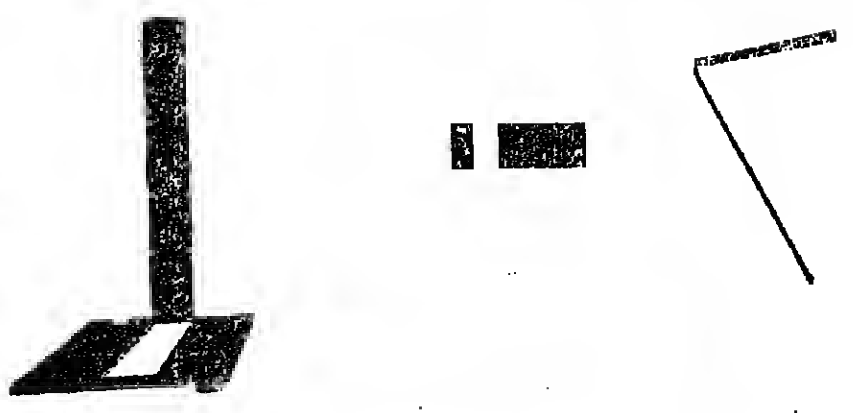
But his sculpture is as much concerned with demonstrating both a process and a lesson in perception as with creating a finished object. Curator Yena Fischer correctly notes a parallel with the (albeit very different) works of Carl Andre and Richard Long. Yet nearly all the Gitlins are visually impressive at first sight, before one makes any effort to analyse them. This is because they are constructed with simple but irrefutable logic; and also because Gitlin has always demonstrated that he was born with the gifts that separate natural artists from even the most furious of triers.

Before he left Jerusalem for New York seven years ago, Gitlin was a maker of sensual, fairly figurative etchings of women; he could not only draw extremely well but had an inborn sense of composition that enabled him to make the best use of masses of black opposed to a sensitive etched line.

It is clear from this show that despite his conscious intellectual decision to produce "new art" of a very different order, he has lost none of his powers as a picture-maker. His compositions always look right. This is a tremendous advantage and a quality that some of his more famous international contemporaries of "new art" unhappily lack.

BLACK has remained important for Gitlin, who is still an erstwhile primitivist and a teacher. His method is to take standard-size heavy-duty plywood sheets, paint them black and split them with an axe. The jagged but essentially straight lines divide the sheet or create "windows." Part of the remainder of the sheet may be further sub-divided, and all the parts are "reassembled" in a new context that defines not only the relationship between them, but across of the floor and walls as well; each defines the other.

Gitlin is aided by simple logic - mathematically, all the parts add up to the original sheet. Yet he has an uncanny sense of how much wall to include in a work, or where



Above and at left: works by Michael Gitlin at the Billy Rose Pavilion of the Israel Museum.

Alres), subtle changes in them have taken place. First, they are affected by each different site; secondly, in this show Gitlin has left the jagged edges of the plywood unpainted, creating an extra line and dimension.

Outside the pavilion, Gitlin has rendered two works in sheet iron, cut through (by blowtorch?) and placed on a wall and ground. The concrete and gravel defeat the purpose; and the choice of material seems pointless after the point has been made as well in plywood.

Born in South Africa 34 years ago, Gitlin was brought here at the age of five. He graduated from the Bezalel and the Hebrew University, taking his Master's Degree in Fine Arts at the Pratt Institute. His works are already in a half-a-dozen major museums; yet he is still at the outset of his career. Israelis unfamiliar with his type of approach to art will find his work unrewarding unless they are prepared to study it at length over several visits. The rewards are there.

(An exhibition of etchings by Gitlin, based on these sculptures, opens at the Bertha Urdang Gallery in Beit Hakerem on September 1.) □

Chinese homage

Post Art Editor

"CHINESE PAINTING and Pictorial Art" is the title of a large new show - at the Wilfred Israel Museum Kibbutz Hazorea which spans the last 1,800 years or so and shows how dependent Chinese painting was on its classical sources. The show will remain open until October 15.

The exhibition comprises painted scrolls, leaves from original albums and even stone rubbings of antiquities. Many of the works are copies or re-creations of paintings made in antiquity.

The catalogue points out that whoever attempts to present any kind of cross-section depicting the development of Chinese painting must not only include pictorial art from the early eras, but also take into account the

specific Chinese attitude towards the copying of original creations - even going as far as copying the artist's signature.

The profound esteem for masterworks (particularly in painting), together with ancestor worship, comprised one of the cornerstones of Chinese culture and resulted mainly in precious copies of the venerated creation to glorify the illustrious past. These copies may have been made close in time to the original or even much later. Copies and originals were considered respectable and worthy. (Deliberate forgeries never gained notoriety - there being no clear borderline between copies motivated by admiration and others made for less laudable reasons.)

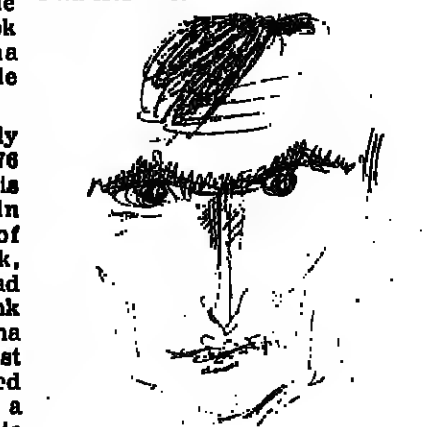
Thus the modest cross section displayed at Hazorea consists mainly of copies - adequate ones mostly - of originals from the



Ming (16th century C.E.) copy after Sung painter Su-Han-lin (1090) at the Wilfred Israel Museum, Hazorea.

"Golden Age." Originals by known artists in their time, or works representative of their era by artists unknown, are of later periods only. □

Tribute to Danziger at Israel Museum



The above portrait sketch of Yitzhak Danziger, made by Eusebio Rubin some 20 years ago and has been purchased by the Israel Museum, which has opened a small memorial show to Danziger, who died in a car accident last month. The show, which comprises sculpture, drawings and texts, is held at the Bertha Urdang Gallery here and in New York, OK, Harria, New York, and galleries in Germany, Switzerland, Holland and Buenos Aires.

It into the corner and against the wall to inform us that the board is painted underneath. If the work were confined to just this bit of conceptual information it would be minimal indeed, but all sorts of other things take place on a sculptural-perceptual level, both walls and a narrow strip of floor coming into play. As a matter of fact, the untreated plywood does not look very good against the colour of the floor; the conceptual element is disposable.

One of Gitlin's most painterly works is "Demarcation," 1976 (which, like "Stampa's Room," is now on show at Documenta 8). In which a plank is laid the length of floor and wall and painted black, with the paint being brushed against the wall as well. The plank is then halved lengthwise and one section raised vertically against the wall, exposing its own defined but painterly area and making a three-part form. The idea is breathtakingly simple but equally momentous, as impressive as a composition by Barnett Newman. Some of the other works, by the way, have a superficial affinity with Ad Reinhardt or Burgoyne Diller, but Gitlin's logic is all his own.

While all these installations are repeats of works made and exhibited by Gitlin for one-man shows over the last three years (at Documenta; the Bertha Urdang Gallery here and in New York; OK, Harria, New York; and galleries in Germany, Switzerland, Holland and Buenos Aires).

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Ill-starred romance



Miri Fabian and Yosef Shiloach in Ronald Duncan's Abélard and Héloïse

THEATRE

Mendel Kohansky

THE WORLD has known no greater love than that of Abélard and Héloïse. Their tragedy speaks to us, in a heartbreaking voice, across the gulf of eight centuries. The lovers wrote to each other during long years of separation, and seven letters — four from him and three from her, probably the greatest love letters ever written — have been preserved. (We don't know how many were lost.)

They have been turned into a play by the British dramatist Ronald Duncan, who added some letters of his own to the original correspondence. The play — and the term is used here rather loosely — is now being shown by the small Bet-Hovav Theatre, under the direction of Amos Mokady, with Miri Fabian and Yosef Shiloach as the lovers.

It is strange, though perhaps inevitable, that Peter Abélard should be remembered only as the hero of a romance. For he was one of the great philosophers, theologians and poets of the Middle Ages, as well as a great teacher and a rebel against authority. His existence was a stormy one. Many times he risked not only his reputation but his life: he was excommunicated by the Pope for holding unorthodox views; he had to wander from place to place, always followed by faithful pupils, until he died, a broken man, at the age of 63. The year was 1142.

WHEN ABELARD first met Héloïse, he was already a man of 33 and a scholar of note, the master of the cathedral school of Notre Dame in Paris, author of works read throughout the entire Christian world. A wealthy and powerful man retained him as a private tutor to his niece Héloïse, a girl exclaiming not only in beauty but in intelligence rare for a woman of her time.

Contrary to the usual literary romances of chivalry, theirs was not a platonic relationship, for the girl soon became pregnant. They escaped and were secretly married, but after the child was born, Héloïse left Abélard for reasons which remain not quite clear, but certainly not for lack of love. Following the custom of the day, she retired to a convent.

It would seem that she felt Abélard's life would be fuller without any family ties. Her uncle, however, who suspected that it was Abélard who had deserted

Héloïse, wreaked upon him the most brutal vengeance: one night two hired thugs broke into his bedroom and castrated him. His manhood gone, his hope of rejoining Héloïse forever lost, Abélard retired to a monastery.

From then on, until Abélard's death almost a quarter of a century after those dramatic events, the two lovers remained faithful to each other, exchanging letters of a beauty, luminosity and depth that might be expected of such two extraordinary persons.

It was a tortured exchange, in which Abélard repeatedly begged his beloved to wipe his memory from her heart and never write again. Since he was no longer capable of physically loving a woman, all he wanted was to re-letters of his own to the original correspondence. The play — and the term is used here rather loosely — is now being shown by the small Bet-Hovav Theatre, under the direction of Amos Mokady, with Miri Fabian and Yosef Shiloach as the lovers.

They never saw each other again. Héloïse survived him by 22 years, and the lovers were reunited when she was buried next to his grave at the Père Lachaise cemetery in Paris. The letters were found and published together with Abélard's autobiography, which he aptly entitled *Historia Calamitatum*.

CLAREY, the story of that romance is the stuff of which drama is made. Unfortunately, the work of Ronald Duncan does not even come near to doing justice to the subject. The best that can be said about the play is that the author's intentions were good, that he did not make any attempt to sensationalize a subject which so easily lends itself to such treatment.

The play consists solely of letters, authentic and added. We see Héloïse on her bed in the convent reading them aloud, and Abélard doing the same in his cell. They speak to each other through the letters. It is not terribly exciting despite the beauty of the language, the emotional and intellectual depth of the text. The best that can be said about the present production is also that everybody involved demonstrates good intentions. Director Amos Mokady did an honest but not very effective job in trying to add some life to the static proceedings, and was not at all successful in coaxing adequate performances out of them. Yosef Shiloach and Miri Fabian. They are both pitifully under-equipped for the portrayal of two such extraordinary persons. The roles call for a depth and range of experience which very few actors possess.

Rina Shan's translation is fluent and poetic, and there is a good, spare set by Zeev Lichter. ☐

Fashion from the farm



Yitzhak Amil

Helga Dudman

Prices, according to Lillian Gal of Mishmar Hanegev, who runs the shop, are around 40 per cent under the going retail rate for comparable items. Not that there always are comparable ones. Take a tiny turtle, for instance, carved out of an avocado seed: how are you going to cost-account that, when it's made by a comfortable kibbutznik sitting on a serene green lawn with no financial worries? Jealous? All right, go join a kibbutz... Or a thoroughly engaging cloth camel made by a hawara at Kibbutz Metasim, near the Gaza Strip.

Here and there, on some items, the workmanship may not be all it should be, and I have no idea how quality control is exercised on such a widespread project. In order to be accepted for display, however, items must be approved by a six-member inter-kibbutz selection committee.

THE CENTRE now carries Canaan fashions, though the new line will not be available until just before the holidays — and they sell out very quickly. Tourists can find them at Kibbutz Ginosser, and they are available in a very few shops in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv.

The designer is Tova Shidlovsky, born at Kibbutz Yifat but now a confirmed Jerusalemite. She has the fashion background that seems to me absolutely unbeatable: sheer talent. On the other hand, there is a certain advantage, when you try on a dress, in not having the careful pose of a professional model in your mind's eye when you look in the mirror. ☐

ROSH HASHANA



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הגזר מן האל

CALIFORNIA COMPARISONS

THIS IS MY first visit to California, although I was born and raised in the United States. Before we came out here, my husband — who knows Southern California well — told me that it would remind me of Israel, and that life in California is the culmination of the "American dream." Both statements, seemingly in conflict, are true.

In scenery and climate, Southern California is very similar to Israel. When we drove from Los Angeles to San Diego, I almost had to pinch myself to remember I was not on the coastal road just south of Haifa, with the sea on one side and the Carmel range on the other. The rocky hills and the palm trees look so familiar; a sudden cluster of red-tiled houses on the horizon could be a kibbutz. If I didn't know better.

The weather, too, is very much the same. "Leave your raincoat in Chicago," my husband told us before we flew to L.A. As in Israel, it doesn't rain out here in summer; and this past year, unfortunately, it has hardly rained at all in the western United States.

There are very familiar warnings about conserving water; in Los Angeles, householders will have to pay a fine on their water bills if they do not use 10 per cent less than they did last year. (Remember when Israel did this with electricity bills just after the Yom Kippur war? Californians have been given, free-of-charge by the water department, gadgets that supposedly lessen the quantity of water used with each toilet flush.

The dry heat in the San Fernando Valley, the Los Angeles suburban area where we are staying, reminds us of the climate on Israel's inland plain, around Lod and Be'er Sheva. And the desert wind, called here the "Santa Ana," could easily be a familiar Mediterranean *sirocco*. The coastal area of Southern California is, of course, more humid — but it is generally cooler than Israel's coastal plain in summer.

Small wonder, then, that so many Israeli emigrants in the U.S. choose to live in Southern California. Every so often, one is reminded of their presence. On the famous Hollywood Boulevard, the heart of the movie capital, there is a snack bar called the "Me and Me," the same name as a pizzeria at the north end of Tel Aviv's Rehov Dizengoff. Only the fare at Hollywood's "Me and Me" is different; it offers Israeli *felafel* and frozen yogurt, the latter being a recent American food-fad, competing with traditional ice cream.

THE INFORMALITY of life-style, too, is a reminder of Israel. This is virtually the only part of the U.S. where my husband has felt comfortable touring in shorts and sandals. When I asked my hostess what she would wear to accompany us to a concert at the outdoor Hollywood Bowl, she informed me that she always wears slacks there. In fact, in the two weeks we have been at her home, I have seen her in a skirt only once — when she attended Sabbath services at an Orthodox synagogue.

Other aspects of the life-style here, however, are very different from most people's in Israel. These are the things my husband referred to when he called California the culmination of the American dream. Most Californians live in private houses, which they own, usually by putting down a mere 10 per cent of the purchase price and paying off the rest in long-term, easy-interest installments.

MARTHA IN AMERICA

Not everyone in California, of course, is so comfortable. A television news item, about giving the poor special grants to pay utilities bills in a crisis, revealed that one million of the eight million residents are "below the poverty line" in Los Angeles County. The poverty line is set at \$8,000 annual income for a family of four.

A jacuzzi made of California redwood can cost \$8,000 while a swimming pool costs around \$28,000. Many of the Californians living at or below the poverty line are blacks or of Mexican descent, some of them "illegal immigrants." This international border with Mexico is a mere three hours away by car from Los Angeles. Non-Mexican-looking American citizens can cross over to Mexico and back without showing any identification. Mexicans, however, are checked carefully at the U.S. immigration point, and there is a road-block checkpoint about an hour's drive along the California freeway.

Everything is geared to a society on wheels. There is an excellent system of "freeways" throughout California. These are eight-lane (four in each direction) highways, which by-pass city traffic and are easily accessible from well-marked entrance and exits.

IF THE automobile and the freeway are symbols of California's life-style, so is the private swimming pool. It is not uncommon for middle-class families to have a private swimming pool in their back yard. The relatives we are staying with have one, and so do most of their neighbours in what might be called an upper-middle-class suburb.

Other relatives who have recently retired and moved here from New York live in a rental complex for "adults only," which also has its own pool, as do most such apartment buildings. Guests with children may visit on Tuesdays and Thursdays only. But how many Israelis have heard of a "jacuzzi"? This is what many Californians have in their yards, either in place of a swimming pool or in addition to one. A jacuzzi, I have learned, is a heated whirlpool, much smaller than a swimming pool, in which you sit for relaxation and are massaged by squirting jets of hot water. (The name is Japanese.)

These were people who maintain kosher homes, observe Shabbat, send their children to a religious Jewish day-school, and so on. Most of them were former New Yorkers who had moved to California within the last 10 years. About the only mention of Israel from these people concerned the "arrogance" of Israelis they had met, mostly in California.

I must admit that this group was an exception. Most Americans — Jews and Gentiles — have been all too ready to discuss the problems of the Middle East and Israel with us. I wonder if embarrassment was not the real cause in this case — these Orthodox American Jews know there is something basically inconsistent about being religious and refusing to give life in Israel a try.

OUR HOST and hostess — traditional Jews but not so very religious — are prepared to discuss the option of life in Israel. But they have rejected it for themselves for various reasons, including one that is not so hard to understand — they do not want their teenage son to have to serve in the army, in any army.

Less easy for me to accept are my hostess's arguments that "women in Israel have too hard a life." True, some have to go out to work to make ends meet, as she argues; but I also know many who do not work outside their homes, and others, like myself, who go out to work because they want to. Nor do I accept her argument that "women in Israel grow old earlier" — it may have been true on the kibbutz a generation ago, but even today's kibbutz women know how to take care of their skin and their figures.

My hostess, by the way, works pretty hard herself. She has recently gone back to work to help pay the tuition fees at her children's Jewish day-school. It would be difficult in Israel to acquire a home like hers — seven rooms, fully air-conditioned, with four bathrooms, a washing machine and dryer, a frost-free refrigerator and a separate deep freezer, a dishwasher and a swimming pool, and two air-conditioned cars. Still, she works about as hard as I do, what with her two children, an almost-full-time outside job, and a cleaning woman only once a week (whereas I have daily help while I work).

There is one thing I miss in this very comfortable home — and that is a simple outdoor clothesline. There is an electric clothes-dryer, of course, but it seems a shame to waste all this beautiful California sunshine.

My hostess says she enjoys the convenience of throwing everything in the dryer, and, besides, she wouldn't want a clothes-line ruining the appearance of her back yard. Meanwhile, we dry our bathing suits and towels by draping them over the patio chairs or the wrought-iron patio railing. That, I suppose, is considered "asthetic." Personally, I have never found clothes-lines ugly — not here and not in Israel, and certainly not in one's own backyard. And they do conserve electricity; in a supposedly energy-conscious area.

What amazed me was that the dinner-table conversation was almost entirely about pool sweeps and domestic help, and spiced with a few off-colour jokes. No one asked us about life in Israel or politics in the Middle East, although they all knew we were from Israel. It might have been

less strange had these people not been very Orthodox young couples, the men eating with *kip-pur* on their heads.

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It's peachy

CULINARY NOTES

Haim Shapiro

THERE ARE two main groups who have heard of Alice B. Toklas: those who know of her as the lifelong companion of Gertrude Stein and those who know of her as the author of a cookbook which includes a recipe for hashish fudge.

In fact, the cookbook contains a great deal more than the hashish recipe. It is the domestic saga of two American (and incidentally Jewish) women, their friendship with some of the greatest artists of this century and their life in France in a period that included two world wars.

Many of the recipes reflect a standard of living which we could hardly hope to approach, using cream by the litre, butter by the kilo and eggs by the dozen. Others are almost astoundingly simple and effective.

One such recipe that I have tried is that for peach liqueur. I was chiefly attracted to it because one can eat the peaches and use only the stones.

I must here issue a warning that peach stones are known to contain arsenic. However, neither I nor any of my friends who tried the drink suffered any ill effects.

TO PREPARE the brandy, I collected 15 peach stones, took them outside to a clean, flat surface and smashed them with a hammer.

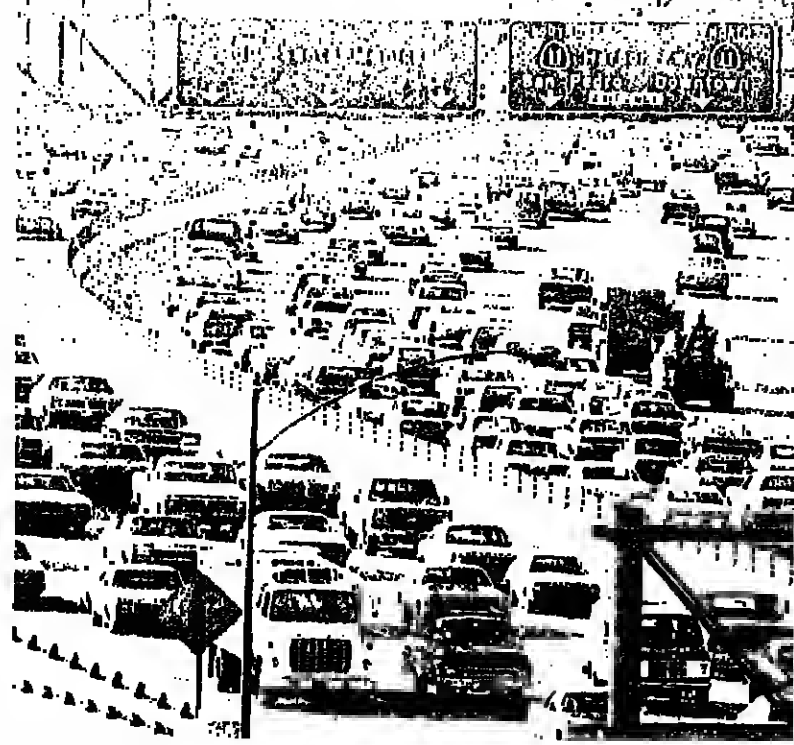
Gathering together the kernels and all the other bits that had not flown off in the smashing process, I put these in a large jar together with a bottle of local brandy, and left them to infuse for a month.

At that point I strained the brandy, admittedly neglecting to do so "through a fine linen cloth" as the recipe directed. I then dissolved half a kilo of sugar in a third of a cup of water by heating it gently and then boiling for two minutes. The sugar sold here evidently has fewer impurities than that sold in France after World War II, for there seemed to be no need to skim it as indicated in the book.

Having mixed the sugar and brandy, I bottled it. When I tasted it, however, I found that it was not particularly good, so I put it in the back of the cupboard and forgot about it. Six months later a friend happened to notice it and we tried some. It was delicious.

But the real success came with the bottle that managed to remain in the cupboard for a whole year. It was silky smooth with an incredibly fine aroma — pure nectar. Perhaps if it could have aged longer it would have been even better, but it was soon gone.

MARTHA MEISELS



The Weekend Dry Bones

THE DRY BONES STAFF IS PROUD TO HAVE FORMULATED MANY INNOVATIVE PLANS IN THE PAST (SINK THE SINAI, AMERICAN WITHDRAWAL FROM OCCUPIED TERRITORIES, PICKLING CARP BY DRIVING THEM INTO THE DEAD SEA WITH CARROTS IN THEIR MOUTHS AND SPRIGS OF DILL UNDER THEIR FINS, ETC.) BUT, TILL NOW, WE'VE AVOIDED THE MAJOR PROBLEM! WE NOW PRESENT...

THE PALESTINE PLAN

CURRENT ON-THE-GROUND SITUATION.



STEP ONE

GUSH EMUNIM BUILDS 42 NEW SETTLEMENTS BETWEEN JERUSALEM, NABLU, JERICHO, AND THE JORDAN RIVER.



STEP TWO

THE MED-DEAD SEA CANAL IS DUG TO JERUSALEM, AROUND TOWARDS JERICHO AND INTO THE JORDAN JUST ABOVE THE DEAD SEA.



STEP THREE

A WIDE CANAL IS DUG FROM POINT A TO POINT B WHICH DRIES UP THE OLD JORDAN RIVER BED.



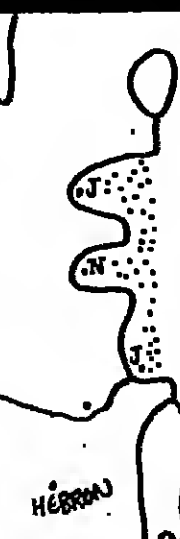
STEP FOUR

NABLU, JERUSALEM AND JERICHO ARE NOW EAST OF THE JORDAN RIVER.



STEP FIVE

ALL THE GUSH EMUNIM'S MOVE TO THE GALILEE TO REPLACE THE ARAB VILLAGERS WHO MOVE TO THE MODERN "GUSH" SETTLEMENTS EAST OF THE JORDAN RIVER.



STEP SIX

HEBRON AND ITS HOLY PLACES ARE INTERNATIONALIZED AND THE CANAL IS WIDENED NEAR JERUSALEM TO FORM THE 'SEA OF DAVID'.



STEP SEVEN

JERUSALEM NOW HAS BEACHES FOR SWIMMING. THERE'S ONE STATE BETWEEN THE JORDAN AND THE MED. SEA.



AND THE PALESTINIANS, IN THEIR NEW STATE 'WORK OUT' THEIR EASTERN BORDER WITH HUSSEIN. ONE SOLUTION MIGHT BE TO DIVIDE AMMAN WITH ITS CURRENT PALESTINIAN POPULATION OF ABOUT 50%. IT COULD BE THE CAPITAL OF BOTH STATES!



هكذا من الأصل